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Notes

PREPARATIONS for altering THE ACADEMY are getting on apace and we have now every reason to hope there will be presented to our readers on March 11 a journal beautifully printed on fine paper, whose contents will offer something new in the annals of literary journalism. A good wine needs no bush, and it is not our purpose to say more at present, but to do our best and leave our readers to form their own judgment.

SINCE the death of Robert Browning very little of his poetry has been unearthed that had not previously seen the light, but a find has recently been made. The poem is called "A Forest Thought" and it was written as far back as November 4, 1837, in one of the ladies' albums that were so popular at the time. Browning was quite young then and the verses are done in his most beautiful style. By the courtesy of "Country Life," in whose pages the verses will shortly appear, we are in the position to give four lines that will at least show the metre and the character of the poem:—

"In far Esthonian solitudes
The parent-firs of future woods
Gracefully, airily spire at first
Up to the sky, by the soft sand nurst."

THE proposed Shakespeare memorial has made a stride towards actuality. The County Council has expressed a willingness to grant a site for "an adequate Shakespeare monument," and on the strength of this promise a Provisional Committee has been formed, with Professor Gollancz as its honorary secretary. The committee's aim is not confined to the monument. They would rather aim at the establishment of a great Shakespeare House, to be devoted primarily to the furtherance of the study of the poet's works, and also to serve as a recognised centre for humane learning generally.

THE "House," it is hoped—or dreamed—will include a Shakespeare library, a lecture-theatre, and a central hall to receive (it is here that we begin to be a little nervous) "a fitting statue of Shakespeare, statues of other famous men being added from time to time." The statues are the part of the scheme on which all will reserve judgment, though, indeed, anything would be better than the Roubillac. But one suggestion will rise to every mind. There is only one sculptor living, if there is even one, who could express Shakespeare in marble; and that one is M. Rodin.

THERE is plenty of time, however, for that. The first thing is to collect the necessary funds. Mr. Richard Badger has offered in all £3,500, and the Shakespeare Commemoration to be observed in England, America and all parts of the world in Shakespeare week should result in large contributions. Pens and tongues of the ablest, like the pen of Mr. Sidney Lee, which is to deal with the subject in a forthcoming number of the "Nineteenth Century," will be put in requisition, and in order to reach not only the wealthy but persons of limited means, volunteer workers will be organised in different countries and localities. Lord Avebury is the treasurer of the fund, and Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co. its bankers.

RECENT discoveries of old books suggest that there may be sensational surprises yet to come, even from the best worked fields. It is not long since Arthur Wilson's play of "The Swisser" was recovered (and published some months ago in Paris); then came the discovery in Sweden of a unique copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" (1594); and now Mr. R. A. Peddie has contributed to "The Times" particulars of the finding of a copy of a "hitherto uncatalogued and undescribed Elizabethan translation of Achilles Tatius"—"The Most Delectable and Pleasant Historie of Clitophon and Leucippe," translated out of the Greek by "W. B." (1597). The translator was William Burton, brother of the famous author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and though his translation has been known to have been published—thanks to an entry in the Stationers' Registers—no copy has hitherto been identified. "The Swisser" manuscript has been secured by the British Museum, and it would be good news to learn that the new "Titus Andronicus" and "Clitophon and Leucippe" were also added to the national collection.

IN 1797 there came into remote Somerset one whose stay there for a year introduced a new element into English poetry. About that time Coleridge was living in a cottage at Nether Stowey, and to be near him Wordsworth and his sister came to Alfoxden. Before he left, the "Lyrical Ballads," the fruit of his happy companionship with Coleridge, was written, and "Tintern Abbey." In this month's number of "Temple Bar" there is an excellent account of this little-known chapter in Wordsworth's early life. Two friends that the poets had there are mentioned incidentally, John Thelwall and Thomas Poole.

THE latter was a farmer of independent and original mind, whom they greatly appreciated. There could hardly be higher praise applied to a "mere layman" than that of Coleridge, who said he got from him "truths plucked as they are growing and delivered to you with the dew on them, the fair earnings of an observant eye, armed and kept on the watch by thought and meditation. There was something both in his understanding and his affections so healthy and manly that my mind freshened in his company, and my ideas and habits of thinking acquired, day after day, more substance and reality." Earth, mother earth, had proved a wonderful muse to this tiller of her. Like "Michael" in the poem in which Wordsworth had Poole in his thought,

"His mind was keen,
Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men."

A story of Wordsworth in the article is too good to be passed. A worthy "statesman" had walked many miles to hear the poet-laureate address a meeting, but left immediately he discovered that high-sounding personage was "Nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal efter aw!" Then there is the other story of the stonebreaker who regarded the poet as a harmless lunatic, and told Hartley Coleridge "that old Wadsworth's brocken lowce agecan."

IN "The Independent Review" there is an article on the "Poetic Quality in Liberalism." It begins in this way. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, that a man were turned into a mackerel. His sentiments touching the change may not be a matter for urgent, but they cannot fail to be a matter for clarifying, consideration. There are many things that he would lose by passing into the fishy state; such as the pleasure of being in the neighbourhood of a Free Library, the pleasure of climbing the Alps, the pleasure of taking snuff, the pleasure of joining a heroic political minority, and also, I suppose and hope, the pleasure of having mackerel for breakfast. But there is one pleasure which the man made mackerel would, I think, lose more completely and finally than any of these pleasures; I allude to the pleasure of sea-bathing." To this we would venture to add another pleasure—the pleasure of reading a typical article in "The Independent Review" on the "Poetic Quality in Liberalism" by—it is hardly necessary to give the name—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

OF Hawker of Morwenstow, whose biography by his son-in-law, Mr. C. E. Byles, Mr. John Lane is to publish in one volume on February 21, Mr. Francis Coutts writes in his "Musa Verticordia"

"Here, by this black forbidding coast,
Dwelt one who heard the heavenly host
Singing in every wind that blows,
In wave that breaks, or stream that flows.

And surely deemed that love divine,
Whose tendrils all his church entwine,
Is not too distant to be won
By Nature's humblest orison.

Wherefore amid these moors and steeps
His spirit ever laughs and weeps;
Weeps with the storm or laughs with glee
For rhythmic laughter of the sea."

The poem was written on the occasion of the unveiling of a window in Morwenstow Church last September,

and Mr. Coutts remarks how the pilgrims (and pilgrims to Morwenstow are not a few)—

"Shall hear the whisper of the well,
The clamour of the torrent, tell
Of him who had strange power to teach
Their wordless human voices speech."

ONE among several literary anniversaries that have been celebrated lately seems to have been overlooked by every one except Mr. R. F. O'Connor, a writer in an unpretentious but well-conducted little paper, "The Catholic Fireside." One hundred years ago last December Francis Sylvester Mahony, better known, if known now at all, as "Father Prout," was born in a suburb of Cork. It would be a pity if Father Prout were completely forgotten before the anniversary of his death in 1966; but it seems not improbable that the eccentric old scholar and wit who delighted our grandfathers will disappear from memory entirely in the next sixty-two years. He was not so great a man as Peacock, whom in many ways he resembles; and even Peacock is little read to-day.

AND yet, in his time, no writer was more popular than Father Prout. He wanted first to be a Jesuit, and found himself unfitted for the religious life; he was ordained a priest, and followed his office with by no means a single heart. He loved roaming, he loved reading, he loved writing, and he loved talking better than any of them; and he lived mainly abroad, in Rome and Paris, a strange, Bohemian but respectable life. The numbers of "Fraser's Magazine" which contain "The Reliques of Father Prout" contain also "Sartor Resartus"; and there can be no question which was voted then the better of the two.

THERE is a good deal of punch in the wit of Father Prout; there was a good deal, too, in his life. But the Prout papers, to our thinking, are well worth reading to-day, if only there were a pleasanter edition to read them in than Messrs. Routledge's now old and always unattractive reprint. They are crammed with scholarship, with rollicking good-humour, with prejudice and wit. The mental agility of their author is astonishing. From admirable criticism of literature and politics it is but a step with him to the kind of joke that goes with punch or the most exhilarating nonsense. His prejudices are as violent as Peacock's, and as constantly to the fore; what Lord Brougham was to the author of "Headlong Hall," Daniel O'Connell was to Father Prout. And Thomas Moore was his favourite butt.

WHICH of the two, Peacock or Prout, was the better scholar it would be hard to say. Prout excelled as a translator, in particular of Horace and of Béranger; all good literature, new or old, was alive to him, and he made it live for his readers in translations or through the talk of his fictitious old priest, Father Prout, of Watergrasshill, Co. Cork. His original poetry includes one of the most charming lays in existence, "The Bells of Shandon"; and the half-pathetic, half-jovial spirit of the man makes everything he writes attractive.

DICKENS made him Rome correspondent of "The Daily News" in 1846, and he saw and described the Rome of the early Pontificate of Pío Nono. Then he went roaming again, and finally settled in Paris, where, as correspondent of "The Globe," he was a quaint and well-known figure in the streets. There Mrs. Oliphant

saw him. He was calling on an old, old lady, a friend of many years, and he sang "The Bells of Shandon" with the tears in his eyes.

THERE is an objectionable form of title much in vogue now. The latest example is "The Truth about the Czar." Before that we had "Russia as it really is," "The Transvaal from Within," "The Real Siberia." It may be wisdom from the publisher's point of view, but most people would be suspicious of a book so titled. In any case it is silly. But there will always be children who insist on asking for the "right" time.

THE British Museum will shortly open a branch in Wales. In other words, the Treasury has at last consented, on condition that "sufficient local support is forthcoming," to make a grant in support of a national museum and a national library in the Principality. The homes of the new institutions will be where promises of local support are most freely forthcoming. Bangor, though not one of the largest nor wealthiest of Welsh towns, likes to be called the Athens of Wales; and no doubt the new buildings would look well on the heights above the Menai Strait. There will be keen competition for the coveted honour. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Earl of Jersey, and Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy are appointed by the President of the Council to consider ways and means of carrying out the Treasury proposals.

Bibliographical

THE approaching centenary (April 2) of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen—guide of millions of children into the fascinating realms of fairyland—is not likely to be neglected by the publishers, though it might be thought that his stories are obtainable already in sufficient variety of forms to satisfy such extra demand as is likely to be made. During the past fifteen years there have been at least three dozen "selections" or "collections" of Andersen's stories issued—sufficient proof of the steadiness of his popularity. About twenty years ago, Andersen's "Works" were issued in an American edition of ten volumes, but I know of no English edition of such a character. Some of his writings other than the fairy-stories should repay republication—"In Spain" or "In Sweden," to mention two of his pleasant books of travel talk. "The True Story of My Life" is a delightful piece of autobiography, though it only deals with his earlier years—he lived until 1875. This has been twice translated—by Mary Howitt (1846) and by Dr. Spillan, A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin (1852)—and there must be many lovers of Andersen who would be glad of a reissue. Readers who would know something of his later years may be interested in "Hans Christian Andersen's Correspondence with the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Charles Dickens, &c.," selected and edited by F. Crawford (1891).

Some weeks ago I had occasion to refer to Dekker's "Guls Horn Book," a welcome reprint of which has been added to the Temple Classics. Now I notice that we are to have from the Cambridge University Press a reprint of another of Dekker's quaintly entitled pamphlets on his contemporary London. This time it is to be "The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London: Drawne in Seven Severall Coaches through the Seven Severall Gates of the Citie, Bringing the plague with them." First published in 1606, this work was reprinted in John Payne Collier's "Illustrations of Old English

Literature" (1866), in Professor Arber's "English Scholars' Library" (1880); and presumably in Dr. Grosart's edition of Dekker's non-dramatic works (1884-1886), to which I have not been able to refer. I fancy the satire is still obtainable in the attractive form of the "English Scholars' Library" as reissued by Messrs. Constable in 1895. A complete library edition of Dekker's works should be worth undertaking by some competent scholar and enterprising publisher, for Dr. Grosart's edition of twenty years ago was, I believe, but a small one.

"Oroonoko" and Mrs. Aphra Behn's other stories are to form a volume of Messrs. Routledge's series of Early Novelists. The story named was reissued in 1886 and in 1890, but the only other recent reprint of the witty woman's writings of which I know was a six-volume edition of "The Plays, Histories and Novels of the Ingenious Mrs. Aphra Behn" in 1871; and this has, of course, long since become unobtainable. The fact that Aphra Behn was "the first female writer who lived by her pen in England" gives a special interest to her work; but so much of that work—and particularly the dramatic—was marked by the licentiousness of the time that it is little suited to present-day taste. It will be interesting to see how far "Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave" and its companion novelettes will be popular to-day; during the eighteenth century they ran through many editions, the story named being translated into French and German.

To the series of Early Novelists to which I have referred there is also to be added Mr. J. M. Rigg's translation—first published in a very costly form in 1903—of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, to be prefaced by John Addington Symonds' essay on "Boccaccio as Man and Author," which was published by itself in 1895.

The announcement of a further book from the pen of the lady who elected to be known as "Michael Fairless," and who unhappily died just as her work was receiving the widest recognition, suggests that some readers may like to have the brief list of her publications. These are: "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" (1901); "The Roadmender"—and other papers reprinted from "The Pilot"—(1902); "The Child King: Four Christmas Writings"—a booklet—(1902); and the forthcoming "The Grey Brethren." All her books were short ones, and many readers will hope that before long they may be reissued in a single volume.

WALTER JERROLD.

Richard Jefferies

THE publication of a new edition of Mr. Salt's "Richard Jefferies" (A. C. Fifield) invites some comment on an author of whom it is stated in the preface that he is enjoying a steadily growing appreciation. Sixteen months after the death of Jefferies Mr. Henley wrote in "The Athenæum" that he "was not interesting at all," and that the biography of the future would not concern itself with him. Mr. Salt says this criticism already stands pilloried by time. It is worth while seeing now, after a lapse of sixteen years, if the balance cannot be held between these two opinions. It is impossible to classify Jefferies, to show that the peculiarity of his genius was derived from any race of literary men. Nature, turning aside for a moment from her usual processes of heredity, circumstance, environment, strayed from her beaten track. Poets, naturalists, thinkers, are made every now and then amid the great mass of commonplace; but here was one in whom, in the combination of these, her methods

altered. The loneliness of wide plains, the green life of forest and meadow, the mystery of the wind, the loveliness of flowers, the unrest of the sea, the depth and wonder of the skies—the love and spirit of that outer world were all given to Jefferies. In varying manner the feeling of these things has been the dowry of all poets, and all poets are really naturalists and thinkers in the wide meaning of the term; but Jefferies was the possessor of something which had never found expression before. Tracing roughly his development, we find at the beginning evidence of the sporting instinct; then observation and love of life in all its forms made him a keen naturalist; to those was added a poetic fire which had possibly long lain dormant; and, finally, the conscious thinker struggled into being. It is the last phase which marks out Jefferies, that parts him from his fellows, that separates him from poet and naturalist. We all begin with a germ of poetry, we are all infant naturalists, but time treads down the first impressions and interests. The few who have genius survive all buffetings. Then we have the poet, the naturalist—perhaps a later day may call him scientist; but in them all it is the wonder, the inquiry of the child that has never been crushed or contaminated. So in all times the poet has sung the glories of natural objects. Lucretius in the dimness long ago descanted on the wonder of nature: the poet, the naturalist, the scientist, the thinker, have all been similarly inspired. But it was left to the nineteenth century to discover some hint of a new and unexpressed quality in nature. In England Wordsworth first gave passion and worship to nature in every form. Taking the natural features of our world, we may say that the manuscript of recorded nature suffers a hiatus from the pastoral age of the Greeks up to his time. Such a remark seems to skip over the great utterances of poetry, but we refer to that especial loving spirit which endeavoured to establish an intimacy between man and the features of the scene in which he found himself. It is true that Theocritus, to take one example, made no attempt to interpret consciously or ally himself to the nature he describes. But he was the child who spoke in the sweetness of the falling water, the sweetness of meadow and flower, and he heeded not, he knew not, that there was separation between them and the joy of animal life, the sweetness of maid and youth. They were all parts of one whole unquestionably blended. Then the days came when man and his works and inventions for ever intervened between the poet and any vision of the direct communion of man and nature. She became more and more a background for scenic devices and more and more artificially divorced. Civilisation was rotting at the roots. Man no longer sprang from the earth and derived his nourishment therefrom. He tended to a sickly superficiality of growth, making towards the high heavens perhaps, but losing the healthy union with the earth that had nursed him. Wordsworth, with divine instinct, felt its "healing power." Consciously he set himself to walk in the ways that had long been forsaken. Of course, his thought, the philosophy he evolved, took him far from the simple Greek. But he re-established the claims of nature on the imagination and literature of the nineteenth century. Can it be proved that Jefferies was in any sense an outcome of the Wordsworthian ideal? We do not think so. Wordsworth accepted the past, its wisdom, its experience, he only added to his poet's gift a deep sense of the divinity and inseparableness of the animate and inanimate. Jefferies passes across the stage like an emanation from a new world! With immeasurable desire, with crude

expression, he strove to draw sustenance for thought and life from the mere contemplation and absorption of natural beauty. To him an undiscovered country lay in the world about our feet, an unknown magic dwelt in sun and stars to lift the soul into unimaginable altitudes. The burning heart of the poet never followed the elusive splendours of love and fame with more entirety than Jefferies this mirage of a new earth he was ever on the verge of entering. To him the dawn came to quicken with white fire the frenzy of his worship; the blueness of noon dropped a flower of the sky into his spirit; the sun flaming above a London square burned up the ant-like race that crawled there, and Jefferies found himself solitary on some Pisgah height. He was driven to the sea to seek air and depth and breadth for his dream to grow. The salt winds filled his lungs; the sea-scents rose to his brain; the murmuring waves stilled the inward turbulence. He heard behind him the yellow cornland whispering of plenty for the labouring earth and thankfully took the message of good and beauty. He used it all to exalt his sense of the completeness of man's destiny, if only the evolution of a deeper and fuller life were kept in view. His generous and sanguine soul was prepared to suffer and struggle with limitation and prejudice and sorrow if only he could be assured that he was to discover the boon which would give eternal aspiration and happiness to the race. In all his descriptions of what might be, there breathes the simple, sensuous, passionate nature of every poet's dreams. He does not evince any sympathy with the airy floating images of mystic fancy, nor does he evolve a wonderful Republic or visionary Utopia. He believes that in man resides a sense which would widen every conception, deepen every impression of beauty and love, dispel disease of mind and body, disease of civilisation and baneful heredity. He, alone on the hilltop, visited by the pure airs from above, in the wood where the tender flowers look up and thrill with real eyes, among the corn which the beneficent earth ripens for man, by the brook, singing of past and future, under Orion, under the sweetness of the Pleiades—everywhere did Jefferies fill his soul with beauty and longing and pray that these might enter into him and into the life and hopes of generations to come. Have all this blood and tears of thought and yearning left no mark? That Jefferies, the naturalist, the essayist, is read and appreciated each new edition of his writings testifies, but how many have tasted that deep summer life he would have given the clue to? "The unsearchable riches" he never found. Like Arthur's knightly saints, he pursued and fasted after the Holy Grail; and perhaps was granted him the incommunicable vision that comes to him who is content to watch and pray.

The Undergraduate's Art

PARODY is the undergraduate's art. It requires the high spirits and the plentiful lack of reverence of youth to produce it in perfection. True the authors of "Rejected Addresses" were never at a university. But if it be possible for a man to remain all his life an undergraduate without ever having been one, that feat seems to have been performed by Horace Smith. Mr. Swinburne's parodies ("Heptalogia") date from his post-university days, but then, Mr. Swinburne possesses the secret of perpetual youth, and certainly no one can accuse him of an excess of reverence. There

has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes a collected edition of the works of one of the most accomplished undergraduate parodists who ever lived—Arthur Clement Hilton. In May of the year 1872 there appeared at Cambridge the first number of a "superior and high-class periodical" (to quote the title-page) called "The Light Green." A second and final number was issued in the following November. The contents consisted of half a dozen brilliant parodies and one or two miscellaneous articles, almost all by Hilton. He died at the early age of twenty-six at Sandwich, where he had a curacy, and with the exception of these parodies wrote nothing of the smallest value; but these have immortalised him. The first of them was "Octopus," a skit on Mr. Swinburne's "Dolores," and it opens thus:—

"Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between."

"Whence camest" is atrocious. It should have run "Whence com'st thou." Otherwise this is very fair Swinburne. The remaining stanzas are not so good, and, indeed, "Octopus" is a little outside Hilton's line. In it he is trying to satirise a poet's thought and manner as a whole rather than to travesty any particular set of his lines. This is the fine art of parody, but it is rather beyond Hilton's powers, since he is weak on the critical side. What he really excels at is the purely verbal parody which, following its original verse by verse and almost line by line, gets its effects by the subtle or the absurd misapplication of the author's words to subjects for which they were never intended. In this *genre* "The Vulture and the Husbandman" has never been excelled. So good is it that at times it actually improves on Lewis Carroll. Take the following stanza:—

"The papers they had written lay
In piles of blue and white.
They answered everything they could,
And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right."

For mere metrical dexterity those last two lines are a masterpiece. They are worthy to rank with Peacock's famous "War Song of Dinas Vawr":—

"The mountain sheep are sweeter
But the valley sheep are fatter,
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter."

But then, Peacock's lines are an immortal piece of satire. Hilton's are merely a delightful jingle. Again, in "The Heathen Pass-ee" (the story of a Pass examination), there is a stanza which for fidelity to the original and for humour is quite exquisite. Every one will remember in Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," how—

"We found on his nails, which were taper,
What is common on tapers—that's wax."

Here is Hilton's stanza:—

"In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is dates."

Verbal parody up to this standard is extremely rare. No parodist can keep it up through an entire poem. To achieve it even in an occasional stanza is something of a feat. Mr. Lawrence Binyon is responsible for one of the best examples. Every one knows the famous verse in Mr. Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine":—

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

Here is Mr. Binyon's parody, in "The Garden of Criticism," which the curious will find reprinted in the first series of "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine":—

"From too much love of Browning,
From Tennyson she rose,
And, sense in music drowning,
In sound she seeks repose.
Yet sometimes joys to know it—
And is not slow to show it—
That even the heavenliest poet
Sinks somewhere safe to prose."

It is lamentable that the man who could parody like that should have turned aside to become a merely serious poet. It is an Apostasy!

There was an anonymous writer in "Punch" some years ago who was responsible for a very happy parody on the Browning verse:—

"And did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you answer him again?
How strange it seems and new!"

It was just after the Shelley Society's performance of "The Cenci," and the parodist wrote:—

"And did you see the Shelley play?
And did you really sit it through?
Nor, at the third act, steal away?
How strange it seems—if true!"

Mr. Kipling in his younger days tried his hand at verbal parody with considerable success. Witness the travesty of a famous chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon" in "Departmental Ditties." But "Atalanta" has been the butt of more than one parodist. Many people will recall "Atalanta in Camden Town," by Lewis Carroll. The poem which has suffered more frequently than any other in this respect is supposed to be Longfellow's "Excelsior," but Tennyson's "Break, break, break" must run it close. Its refrain has been made applicable to breaking crockery and breaking cricket-balls and breaking records, to breaks at billiards and brakes on railway trains. One of the best of them (the undergraduate's art again!) began:

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of my stairs, Oh scout!
And it's good that my tongue can't utter
The oaths that my soul points out."

But the author, whoever he was, was no match for Hilton. Indeed, in his own line Hilton stands alone. It is therefore very satisfactory that his verses are now accessible in a cheap and handy form. "The Light Green" is very rare and very precious to the happy few (mainly Hilton's contemporaries at Cambridge) who possess the two green-bound numbers, and the new volume has the additional advantage of a biography of the little-known wit.

Reviews

THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

By Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. 2 vols. (John Murray, 36s. net.)
 THE late Lord Dufferin was in a peculiar manner at once the product and the ornament of a great empire. His name is mostly associated with those distant dominions of the King that the forefathers of this generation founded and that we have taken so much pains to solidify into an empire. He came of a stock from which the qualities he displayed are naturally expected. It seems that the earliest record of the family name, Blackwood, was discovered in a deed witnessed by John de Blackwode at Morpeth in 1386. After that the name occurs frequently in the town and parish registers of southern Scotland during the next two centuries. Whether all the Blackwoods mentioned came from one stock is doubtful: in the fifteenth century the family seems to have established itself in Fifeshire; but we need not trace out his pedigree from its dim and uncertain beginnings to the birth of the hero of this biography. As Sir Alfred Lyall points out, in Lord Dufferin we have a notable example of the blending of hereditary qualities, namely, those of the Blackwoods on the one side and the Sheridans on the other. Lord Dufferin himself was born at Florence on June 21, 1826, but shortly afterwards his father brought his wife and son to Clontarf, in Ireland, where Hans Lord Dufferin was living in a house "where no two rooms had floors on a level, and consequently everybody was tumbling up and down steps all day, no doors or windows shut, and the sea breezes played freely over every sofa and bed, frisking out of the room after cooling every corner." However, they did not remain long at Clontarf, but presently removed to Clondeboye, "where the old lord made his grandson, then four years old, drink Tory toasts at dessert." Eventually he was sent to a school at Hampton, kept by a Mr. Walton, of whom Lord Dufferin records that "the floggings at Eton were child's play compared with the Hampton ones." From Hampton he passed in 1839 to Eton, whence in due time he went up to Oxford. He gives the following graphic picture of the life of the gentleman commoners of Christ Church:

"We dine at a table by ourselves, raised on a dais at the top of the hall; our gowns are made of silk, and a gold tassel is put on the cap, whence the name of 'tufts'; all others are interdicted from keeping servants and horses; we are not even expected to do so much in our college examinations; in short, there is no circumstance in which we are not given the advantage, consequently we are tempted to think that there must be some intrinsic merit in ourselves to deserve such attention, and begin to look with contempt upon those our fellow-students who are not treated with like respect."

In 1847 he became President of the Union Debating Society, to the great joy of his mother, who in one of her letter inquires whether there is any salary or emolument attached to the office of President's mother. Lord Dufferin came of age on June 21, 1847, and two years later he accepted from Lord Russell the post of a Lordship-in-Waiting. He had already begun to nourish political ambitions, but fate did not permit him to study politics in the House of Commons, for on January 31, 1850, he took his seat as Baron Clondeboye of Clondeboye in the House of Lords. His way of life at this time is well illustrated by a quotation from his journal:

"Saw Thackeray shaving! Breakfasted with the Bishop of Oxford; went down to the House of Lords to hear him speak, and was turned out of the gallery by the usher. Talked for some time with Gladstone.

Had my head examined, and was told that I had no political ambition. Talked to Sharman Crawford about tenant-right. Took a lesson in reel-dancing."

From the beginning Lord Dufferin attached himself to the Liberal cause, and he gives us many interesting glimpses of the leaders. His first meeting with Gladstone had been while he was still a boy, and he was a guest at Hawarden in December, 1861, when the Prince Consort died, and in February, 1862, he was charged with the duty of moving the address in the House of Lords in answer to the Queen's speech. He kept the friendship of the great Liberal leader up to the very last, and on his appointment to the Embassy at Paris in 1891 Mr. Gladstone, writing to a friend on the staff of the Embassy, said:

"Will you be kind enough to congratulate Dufferin very warmly, on my own and my wife's behalf, on his appointment to Paris. The country is also to be congratulated. I, at least, do not know how any different and equally good appointment could have been made."

Of Lord Randolph Churchill there is the following mention in 1886:

"I had a long talk with C. Villiers on Saturday evening at the Athenæum. He spoke in the highest terms of Randolph Churchill. He thinks him one of the most remarkable men he has known, not merely on account of his debating power, but from the mastery he has obtained over every subject which comes under discussion, and from his strength of will, which has, from sheer force of character, swept away every obstacle, triumphed over innumerable jealousies and dislikes of his colleagues and of the Court, and has made him for the present the most powerful man in the House of Commons, and with widespread influence out of doors. He thinks, however, that his health will give way."

Of literary people we get many mentions. It is generally known that Dufferin was one of Tennyson's friends, if from nothing else from the fact that "Demeter and other Poems" is dedicated to the Marquis of Dufferin as a tribute of affection and gratitude. The poet laments his son's death "beneath alien stars" and says:

"But while my life's late eve endures,
 Nor settles into hueless gray,
 My memories of his briefer day
 Will mix with love for you and yours."

In the first volume a meeting with Carlyle is recorded at dinner at Lady Ashburton's, the entry in Lord Dufferin's diary being as follows: "Peel, Carlyle, Ellice; Carlyle saying Sydney Smith had no humour and was like a Yorkshire innkeeper." When he was at Boston, U.S., Longfellow asked him to be his guest at the monthly dinner of the Literary Club, and among the guests were Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, and the two Danas. But naturally enough the great Proconsul's friends were more frequently dramatists and ambassadors than men of letters. From New York we get the following characteristic vignette:

"The only piece of Yankee sharpness I observed was the following: A horse had dropped down dead in the street. The afternoon was too far advanced to admit of its removal that evening. Five minutes afterwards the carcass was completely plastered over with electioneering placards."

Russia provided him with more exciting incidents. He was there when the Emperor was assassinated and an attempt was made on the life of Count Melikoff. Lord Dufferin writes:

"I saw Loris Melikoff within a few minutes after he had been shot at, and he showed me the hole in his

coat where the bullet had grazed his spine. It was a very near thing. He was very much pleased when I observed that it was probably the first time his enemies had ever had a chance of aiming at that part of his body."

After St. Petersburg his next appointment was to Constantinople, and his letters home contained vivid accounts of what took place there in the 'eighties. Of the Egyptian Campaign he narrates the following curious incident:

"After the English troops had stormed the Egyptian lines and advanced far beyond them, some of the men returned to their original position. On their way back they came across an elderly Arab lying on his stomach with a heap of empty cartridges beside him, and firing away at a high elevation. Some one hit him a crack on the back and asked him what he meant by what he was doing, upon which he replied, with some irritation, 'I don't in the least know who you are; I am blind,' and wanted to return to his original occupation of shooting imaginary foes."

In these pages we do not discuss politics, and it has been our object merely to skim this biography and show by extracts some of the incidents in Lord Dufferin's career, and give a hint of the atmosphere in which he lived. But the real value of the book lies in the information it supplies in regard to the great movements in foreign and colonial politics that have been going on during the last thirty years. We have had few ambassadors as able as Lord Dufferin, and not one whose life was more irreproachable. With a cool and clear eye he discerned the operations that were going on round him, and he had a sense of justice that makes every account of anything given by him absolutely reliable. One has only to look at the fine clear-cut features of the photographs that adorn these pages to understand the eminence he attained as the representative of Great Britain. He was great and he was illustrious, and as we read the biography we seem to be following some fine and stately figure threading the mazes in a turmoil of intrigue, and menace, and danger. It has been done at very great length, but when the biography has been placed on the shelf for reference those who find most use for it will not regret the fact.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S REMINISCENCES

By George Jacob Holyoake. 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin, £1 1s.)

Mr. Holyoake has already published—in two volumes—"Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," which was an interesting and even notable book, but it did not exhaust all the material afforded by his career. We are obliged, however, to admit that in this later book the gold is beaten rather thin; and, in fact, the reminiscences—which are none of them to be described as wildly exciting—are eked out with extracts from newspapers. Mr. Holyoake's sententiousness also sometimes betrays him into platitudes, such as "Life would be impossible or very unpleasant if every one persisted in remembering what had better be forgotten"; and again, "Noble maxims have their limitations. Few have universal applicability." Our author's passion for newspaper quotation is illustrated in the twenty-eight pages which he devotes to telling the story of how the Lambeth Palace grounds were opened to the public. From that momentous year of 1878, when Mr. George Anderson, "an eminent consulting gas engineer," "in whom business had not abated human sympathy," was struck with the advisability of substituting the children of Lambeth for the sheep in the Palace pastures, down to the taking over of the fields

by the London County Council some two or three years ago, we are given an extraordinary *olla podrida* of memorials, articles, letters, and so on, industriously rescued from old newspaper files. Mr. Holyoake should have summarised the whole business in a couple of pages, which would have been infinitely more effective for his purpose as against the obstructive authorities concerned. Another example of this copiousness is a passage about Church rates, of which the captions are: "The Predatory Vicar of St. Bride's," and "A Sacred Shylock." Mr. Holyoake actually gives us the full text of two demand notes, dated 1856, for £1 4s. 8d., and we wade through all this legal verbiage before we get to the real point, which is that Mr. Holyoake ultimately decided to pay the vicar in kind; and as the chief produce of his "farm" in Fleet Street consisted in volumes of the "Reasoner," "I sent the vicar," he says, "three volumes, which exceeded in value his demand. He troubled me no more." Now that is really an entertaining incident, which would have gained enormously if it had been told succinctly.

Mr. Holyoake is dryly humorous about his early ambitions. His first was to be a prize-fighter; his second to be a clown; his third to be a poet; and his fourth to be a critic.

Of special interest is Mr. Holyoake's chapter on Disraeli, which should certainly be compared with Mr. Bryce's essay in "Studies in Contemporary Biography." After pointing out the remarkable analogies between the characters and the careers of Disraeli and Ferdinand Lassalle, Mr. Holyoake gives a ludicrous description of Disraeli's famous speech at Manchester in 1872, when, inspired by brandy and water, he went on speaking for hours after the time fixed for him to sit down. But those were days when members who were manifestly inebriated did not hesitate to address the House of Commons. The favour which her late Majesty showed to Disraeli is certainly difficult to understand in view of what Mr. Holyoake tells us about his Aylesbury speech in September 1871, when he said: "We cannot conceal from ourselves that Her Majesty is physically and morally incapacitated from performing her duties." Mr. Holyoake tells us that one of the reporters who took down the astounding words afterwards read the passage over to Mr. Disraeli, who assented to its correctness. Mr. Holyoake also mentions a Lord Mayor's banquet at which Mr. Disraeli gave an insulting and defamatory account of the Russian Royal Family, with whom, of course, our own Royal House was allied by marriage. And he points out that, whatever even Republicans may think of the theory of the Crown, they are against any personal outrage upon it.

Naturally more interesting, because based on much wider knowledge of the man, are Mr. Holyoake's comments on Mr. Gladstone. He gives the full text of Gladstone's first electoral address, to the electors of Newark, containing those paragraphs about slavery which afterwards formed the basis of so much misrepresentation. It actually fell to Mr. Holyoake's lot to report that famous speech of Mr. Gladstone's at Newcastle, when he said that Jefferson Davis had not only made a navy, but had made a nation. Curiously enough, when Mr. Gladstone returned to the subject the next night and made various qualifications, the press took no notice of them. Mr. Holyoake was certainly useful to Mr. Gladstone in keeping him informed as to the state of public opinion on various questions, which was apt to be misrepresented by the London newspapers. We cannot resist quoting Mr. Holyoake's noble tribute to the great Liberal statesman:

"In the splendid winter of Mr. Gladstone's days there was no ice in his heart. Like the light that ever glowed in the temple of Montezuma, the generous fire of his enthusiasm never went out. The nation mourned his loss with a pomp of sorrow more deep and universal than ever exalted the memory of a king."

In some ways the most interesting chapter of the whole book is that in which Mr. Holyoake tells the story of the British Legion sent out to help Garibaldi. Mr. Holyoake was the Acting Secretary, and drew up an advertisement of an attractive excursion to Sicily and Naples, which was particularly addressed to members of Volunteer rifle corps. Unfortunately many of the volunteers who appeared and were enrolled had their own game to play, and had no notion of rendering that obedience to orders the necessity for which was impressed upon every applicant. Among the earliest recruits was a young man, wearing the uniform of a Garibaldian soldier, of specious manners, and calling himself Captain Styles. This gentleman, whose military experience seems to have been taken for granted, made quite a good thing out of the enterprise, for he secretly sold commissions without the knowledge of the Committee, and pocketed the proceeds. The cardinal weakness of the Legion was that there was no competent commander to enforce order. Of course Captain Styles disappeared and was no more heard of. Garibaldi's praise of the services of the Legion was characteristic of his generosity; but Mr. Holyoake declares that the majority of them really deserved it.

A word must be said, in conclusion, in praise of the numerous and exceedingly interesting portraits with which the book is illustrated.

DO WE BELIEVE?

A Record of a Great Correspondence in "The Daily Telegraph," October, November, December, 1904, with an Introduction by W. L. Courtney. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) It is not easy to forbear a smile at the somewhat boasting statement prefixed to this book that nine thousand letters were received by "The Daily Telegraph" in its singular correspondence, and that "if all the letters and sermons had been printed they would have occupied two thousand five hundred columns of the newspaper." The illustration is of a sort dear to the popular imagination. The correspondence, even when set out with a show of order and introduced by Mr. Courtney, leaves a vague impression on the mind as of a babel of voices reiterating "Yes" and "No," but it is instructive as showing how various classes of the community have been influenced by the teaching and discoveries of the past century. It would be idle to pretend that the Christian faith or rather the faith of Christians at the opening of the twentieth century is exactly what it was when the nineteenth dawned. Even if we grant that its teaching is not only right but Divine, we must also admit that scientific discovery has modified it. No thoughtful man now seriously disputes the doctrine of evolution. After a period of vigorous protest and controversy it has gradually come to be accepted that the world as it is was not called into sudden existence by the voice of a magician, but has arrived where it is after a process extended over æons. Biology has shown that man himself is intimately connected with the life around him. At what period and in what manner life came to the planet remains a mystery, but, given the first protoplasm, the development of the most complicated organisation becomes at least intelligible. The study of embryology has shown that from the ovum to the finished organism this history is repeated in the indi-

vidual, while many organs that have become atrophied through disuse still remain to show the stages through which man has passed. His divinest gifts, reason included, may be studied in the lower animals, while the care and labour spent on investigating the usages and manners of savage nations show in the rough how his most cherished institutions began with the first attempts of men to live in some sort of organised society. Add to all this the effects of historical criticism applied with a new precision, and it will no longer be gainsaid that the old simple faith has suffered a rough assault. The results are open and visible. There is scarcely a grade or class which has not lost something of its interest in religion and religious questions. Even the peasant, though he may not be able to explain why, he ceases to go to church; if he is young he rides on his bicycle instead; and in this he is following the example set him by the classes immediately above that to which he belongs.

But was it for good or evil that a discussion on the subject was allowed to go on to such an inordinate length in the columns of the favourite paper of the middle classes? Mr. Courtney, at least, has no doubt on the subject. In his opinion, newspapers "in a sense represent the *conscience* [the italics are ours] of the nation," and in this matter "The Daily Telegraph" has served "as a modern substitute for the confessional." Which cryptic saying he amplifies by telling us that men and women have confided to its columns "their most intimate perplexities and doubts." Of course there is a rich variety in the letters. One man seems to think doubt is at end because "the Bible as it stands was accepted by the late Dean Farrar and the late Mr. Gladstone, men of stupendous intellect and profound learning"; others seek to justify their faith by elaborate argument. The tendency of what are in our opinion the most thoughtful letters is to exhibit an honest wish to believe. Whether it were Divine or no, the vision of one who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" seized the imagination of mankind as it never had been seized by the potent early deities. Poet and preacher and painter tried to outdo one another in impressing on the world the material events of his career, till the stable he was born in, the manger that was his cradle, Nazareth, Bethany, Capernaum and Dark Gethsemane, his "bloody sweat," the nails of his cross, were materialised before every Christian eye. Probably it was only given to the elect of the ages to recognise the Divine and deep and kind wisdom, a wisdom true to the heart of man, that underlay such sayings as "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God." They could see how wise this was if applied to the commonplace affairs of life, but the duller crowd, to whom rule and formula are necessities, only learned the superficial meaning, the invitation to little children, and did not recognise that it was mainly a demand for the child-like spirit. Understood by a few, it was wrapped in dogma and accepted by the multitude. When Christianity was first promulgated there were but a few small spots where civilisation flourished. Nations now at the top of the wave of advancement were then made up of gloomy savages. And it is small wonder if the rude tribesmen of the day failed to catch the gentle spirit of the new teaching. Progress is a slow process, and the ideals opened up by Christianity, though they helped it along, worked no miracle. Of the sayings of those moderns who could not accept the creed, the most profound was that of Goethe, who asserted that he was proud of human nature, inasmuch as it had evolved such

a religion. But it would be vain to expect any wide philosophic view from the correspondents of a daily paper; rather let us be thankful for the evidence that so many think seriously about the gravest of all questions. Sometimes one is tempted to believe that the religious feeling is being atrophied, so few appear to be interested. On the Exchange and in the mart, in the haunts of fashion and the meeting-places of intellect, but seldom do we hear such topics mentioned. A quarter of a century ago the reviews were full of theological controversies; now one scarcely ever arises. Yet all history goes to show that religion, as distinguished from mere dogma, never is extinguished, though there have been periods when it has almost died out. Like everything else, it has developed, and perhaps we have now arrived at a new point of departure. In that case it is well that a great daily paper has taken the trouble to mirror for us the ideas passing through the minds of the "men in the street."

LADY JEAN: THE ROMANCE OF THE GREAT DOUGLAS CAUSE

By Percy Fitzgerald. (Fisher Unwin, 12s. net.)

THOSE who enjoy antiquated mysteries—not to say scandals—will doubtless find a feast of satisfaction in Mr. Fitzgerald's book; those who have no taste for such matters will be inclined to wonder whether or no it was worth while to call the Lady Jean Douglas out of her grave merely to put her in the pillory as an adventuress. It may be conceded, however, that she fills the rôle of adventuress to perfection, and that the author makes out a very strong case against her. The story of the famous "Douglas cause," as here set forth, makes curiously unpleasant reading, though not without some grim humours of its own. The violent and eccentric Duke of Douglas, Jean, his sister, with her plausibility and unscrupulous cunning, the broken-down gambler, her husband, and the train of dupes and accomplices—these provide a complete Rogues' Gallery. After much coquetting in youth, the Lady Jean, when close on fifty, married Colonel Stewart of Grand Tully, a gentleman of a not too savoury reputation, with the expressed intention of providing heirs for her brother's estates. As she was deep in debt and out of favour with the Duke, the proceeding was advisable, but prudence might have suggested her setting about it a little sooner. However, after a year and a half of wandering on the Continent, the Lady Jean duly produced twin boys, and presented them as her brother's heirs. Mr. Fitzgerald gives a close account of the manner in which—presumably—the boys were bought from their real parents, and of the elaborate artifice by which the Lady Jean sustained her part. The narrative does not err on the side of reticence, and we grow rather weary of physical detail. Whether Lady Jean got her twins at different times by purchase or both together in the more accepted fashion seems, after the lapse of so many generations, scarcely a burning question, though Mr. Fitzgerald is as keen on the track of the secret as was that Andrew Stewart who, in the interest of the Hamiltons, ransacked France for proofs of imposture. It would appear, as far as the matter can be considered without going through the "1,200 quarto pages of evidence" that there probably was an audacious fraud, in consequence of which the estates of the house of Douglas went to a youth who had no connection with the family. We will not go so far as Mr. Fitzgerald, who considers that the judgment of heaven on the imposture was shown by the fact that all the eight sons of the fortunate claimant died without children. Heaven does not, as a rule, work in so obvious

a manner. A little less personal detail, a little more of the legal aspect of the case, might have resulted in a more valuable as well as more dignified volume; for the "great Douglas cause" was debated by famous lawyers, was decided against the claimant in the Scotch Court of Session, and decided for the claimant in the House of Lords. Unhappily, the marked legal figures are not individualised; Mansfield and the rest are mere names. Neither is the atmosphere of the eighteenth century so conveyed as to raise this *chronique scandaleuse* to the rank of an historic study. Mr. Fitzgerald has, in fact, given us a somewhat repellent chapter of gossip, narrated in a style so slipshod as to suggest doubts as to its accuracy in other points. It is, of course, possible that an author who misuses his "and which" and writes "different to" may yet be capable of weighing points of evidence; but we are inclined to give Lady Jean Douglas the benefit of the doubt.

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI: HIS LIFE AND WORKS

By Edward J. Dent, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. (Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

GERMAN, Italian, French, and Flemish writers have produced exhaustive monographs on the lives of individual musicians or the musical histories of particular cities. Hitherto such work has had but little attraction for English writers. The paucity of biographical material which the closest research into our own early musical history brings to light discourages the antiquary; nor have we hitherto devoted attention to foreign musical personalities. Mr. E. J. Dent has broken fresh ground, and has published an ambitious work dealing with the Neapolitan composer whose share in the evolution of opera has made his name one of the most familiar in the history of music, though his works are completely neglected, and not a single one of his airs remains upon the vocalist's repertory. Appreciation of Mr. Dent's adventurous excursion into a new path is called for by the attempt as such, and the result of his labours is a handsome volume which should find a place in every music-lover's library.

Let it be premised that certain blemishes are perceptible here and there. Accuracy, not elegance of style, has been aimed at, yet there are occasional sentences where Mr. Dent has endeavoured to impart interest to the manner as well as the matter. But from an alumnus of Eton and a Fellow of King's one expects better English than "We must remember that music in the seventeenth century occupied a different position to that which it occupies in the twentieth" (p. 10).

To write a biography of an Italian composer necessitates a vast amount of knowledge other than musical; local dialects as well as literary Italian must be understood; local customs as well as general history demand attention; even terms of cookery are repeatedly introduced. Here Mr. Dent shows himself fully competent. Without blind adoration of his hero, he has brought himself into thorough sympathy with Scarlatti's personality, and has studied all his circumstances and his relations to Italian art. There are indications that the author is not quite so intimately acquainted with the early musical history of England and Germany. On page 80 he speaks of the German chorales as if they had always been in even notes like the Genevan and English psalm-tunes; apparently he is not aware of the fundamental difference between the "rhythmic chorale" (where the rhythm was of words, not of music) and the later chorale as we find it in Pachelbel and Bach, with musical rhythm. Such a hymn-tune as the one Wagner composed for the opening scene of "Die Meistersinger"

is quite unlike any chorale Hans Sachs ever heard. Again, the allusion to Ground Basses on page 13 suggests imperfect acquaintance with English instrumental music.

Scarlatti's biography is fairly clear, except as regards his early years; there is no doubt that he was a Sicilian, born about 1659, but the actual birthplace is uncertain. Nor is anything definite recorded of his youth until in 1679 he appears in Rome as an opera composer. He was at once successful, and appointed Maestro di Cappella to Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden. Opera had a precarious life in Rome; Pope after Pope forbade it, and women were never permitted on the stage. Most of the performances were private, in the palaces of the nobility. In 1684 Scarlatti became Maestro to the Spanish viceroy at Naples; his sister, a disreputable actress, was instrumental in obtaining his appointment by intrigues which remind us that the age was that of Barbara Villiers and Louise de Kerouaille in London, and of La Montespan in Paris. In Naples Scarlatti remained eighteen years. Then he went for a time to Florence, Rome, Venice and Urbino, returning to Naples in 1708; and at Naples, except for a stay at Rome, 1718-21, he remained till his death in 1725. He was perpetually composing, and is credited with hundreds of operas, hundreds of masses, many hundreds of solo cantatas, hundreds of miscellaneous pieces, which must have run as by their own impulse out of his pen. The very finest opera he produced was, says Mr. Dent, "Mitridate Eupatore," a work of his Venice time, and one air, "Cara tomba," he describes as "head and shoulders above" every other air of Scarlatti's. The beginning is quoted, and is so remarkable that one must regret Mr. Dent did not publish the whole; he pronounces it "worthy of J. S. Bach at his best." Judging from the tantalising fragment, it resembles rather the finest inspirations in Handel's operas; and when we recall that Handel was about 1707 in Venice, it is difficult to doubt a kinship between "Cara tomba" and the immortal "Cara sposa" in "Rinaldo." Scarlatti's air should be made accessible by inclusion in some collection of vocal music, such as the "Gemme d'Anhita."

The libraries examined, besides those in London, Oxford and Cambridge, include the Paris (Nationale and Conservatoire), Brussels, many at Rome, Naples, Bologna, Florence, Milan, Montecassino, Padua, Modena, Venice, Munich, Dresden, Darmstadt, Vienna and, above all, the celebrated collection of Fortunato Santini, now lying in the miserablest neglect at Münster in Westphalia. Mr. Dent has described in "The Monthly Musical Record" what a sight met his eyes when he entered the room where Santini's collection is preserved. A long spell of housemaid's work was necessary before he could even get at the MSS., but he finally succeeded in profiting by Santini's labours, and found them especially useful as regards Scarlatti's church music. And the article in "The Monthly Musical Record" has had the important result of calling attention both in England and Germany to the disgraceful condition of Santini's collection.

As regards critical opinions, the author is moderate and discriminating; he occasionally lets slip utterances which show a want of sympathy with certain aspects of modern German music. Such phrases as "Elsa or any other namby-pamby maiden of early (?) German romanticism" are less startling than the remarks upon one of Scarlatti's brilliant dramatic airs:

"'Coloratura' employed in this way has a dramatic value which no declamation, to however elaborate an accompaniment, can equal. Such a triumphant rush of rapid notes can only produce its proper effect when sung.

The modern plan of giving the 'Coloratura' to the orchestra and declamation to the voice makes us almost always feel that the singer is battling against the instruments, instead of leading them."

Most musicians will hardly agree with this last sentence; yet it is well that occasional utterance should be found for antiquated beliefs, certain to revive one day. We have been baptized into another creed; but there are distinct signs of a reaction in this direction as well as in others, and Mr. Dent's book is itself one of the signs. He does not perceive that a change has begun; for he says: "To most lovers of music at the present day, Schumann, Wagner and Brahms represent the normal style of musical expression." This represents the standpoint of 1890. Instead of Schumann, he should have said Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Arensky and Strauss, while beside these newer lights, the classical school—Mozart, above all—is shining steadily on, while Beethoven's *epigoni* grow dim. This reaction makes the older Italian school, Handel's operas as well as Scarlatti's, more intelligible to us. Mr. Dent's book will in some measure aid this reaction towards the appreciation of constructive skill rather than the violently prominent detail German romanticists loved; and it must also be recommended because it assists the comprehension of a most important figure in musical history, who closed the transitional seventeenth century and ushered in the culminating period of Handel and Bach.

GREAT LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS

By G. W. Beldam and P. A. Vaile. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

To Mr. G. W. Beldam came, in a happy moment, the thought of utilising his considerable talent as a photographer in a novel field—that of book-making. "Great Golfers" was the result, and a very interesting result it proved. From that book the ardent golfer may indubitably learn a good deal. He can discover how the best exponents of the game take up their stance for the different shots: he can select his models where he pleases (and there is enough diversity among the experts' positions to satisfy all tastes); and it is possible for him at the same time to effect a considerable improvement in his own methods and to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the personal appearance of the great exponents of the game. The golf book, in fact, was a success; and from its success the book before us has naturally sprung. Human nature is such that when an author scores a bullseye with a fortunate shot his publishers will not be satisfied until they have persuaded him to a second attempt. And so Mr. Beldam comes forward once more with his series of snapshots, and Mr. P. A. Vaile comments diligently on the various strokes; and the "trade," we may presume, mindful of a former success, buys freely. Every one concerned in the production should be satisfied. The photographs are very good indeed—as photographs. Possibly a good many lawn-tennis players will buy the book, and turn over the pages at odd moments. But they will not gain anything like the instruction from it that the golfer found in Mr. Beldam's previous work. The golfer can learn much from photographs, for the simple reason that he has to deal with a ball at rest, and the stance, address and swing can be reproduced by the camera with absolute fidelity. The lawn-tennis player, dealing with a ball approaching him in all manner of different ways, with innumerable variations of pace, flight and spin, finds it impossible to gain much information from these reproductions, excellent as they may be. And the letterpress, to speak frankly, is often merely fatuous.

For Mr. P. A. Vaile as a lawn-tennis player and as a theorist we have a considerable respect. He is one of those athletes (like Mr. A. C. M. Croome and some others we could name) who bring their minds to bear upon a game and are never satisfied until they have approximated it to an exact science. Also, hailing from the colonies, he has the inestimable advantage of approaching the subject with a mind freed from reverence of tradition. The Dohertys may be champions, but he criticises them with no less freedom on that account. He is in no danger of bowing down and worshipping their game as faultless. Many of the remarks he makes upon their methods are sound and useful. But the amount of space he devotes to himself and his own performances (especially in the direction of authorship) strikes us as disproportionate to the verge of absurdity. Shortly before the last championship meeting, it appears that Mr. Vaile wrote in a few days and "rushed through the Press" (to use his own words) a book called "Modern Lawn Tennis." We have not gone to the labour of counting the references made to this work in the volume before us, but it would be hardly overstating the case to say that there is at least one mention of the book in each page of printed matter. Dr. Johnson's comment on conduct of this kind was severe, but merited: "He used to write books," he said of some unhappy hack, "and then other books praising those books, in which there was something of rascality." But that was before the days of the "expert" in literature. Proficiency in sport was not then regarded as a sufficient passport to letters, and books were seldom that cheerful mixture of slang and solecism that we find to-day. Mr. Vaile can play lawn tennis and can talk about it, but he certainly cannot write. He rarely encounters an infinitive without splitting it with the utmost promptitude and despatch.

However, Mr. Beldam's photographs make an excellent album. To regard the volume in which they appear as a book is perhaps unnecessary. One might as well apply the canons of literary criticism to the reviewing of an illustrated fourpenny magazine.

Fiction

NANCY STAIR

A Novel. By Elinor Macartney Lane. (Heinemann, 6s.) Amid the welter of machine-made fiction of the present day, it is a pure delight to happen upon a story which can be heartily and sincerely commended with no critical qualifications and reservations whatsoever, with no unspoken thought in the reviewer's mind that he could have done it so much better himself. Such a black swan among novels is "Nancy Stair," a story of which the extraordinary charm is due chiefly to the intense natural human feeling which colours it and makes it live. Nancy Stair herself draws indescribably at the reader's heartstrings, and the other characters—even her own father—are presented in their proper subordination to that little central, all-compelling figure. Most moving is the story of Lord Stair's tempestuous wooing of the half-gipsy, Marian Ingarrach, and we feel it is only from the union of two such noble natures that a creature so wonderful as Nancy could have been born. Nancy's birth costs her mother's life, and Lord Stair betakes himself to travel, the long travel customary towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the child is nearly five years old before he returns. Such a child! A slender, round figure to look at, with broad, low forehead, noticeably black brows, heavy-lashed clear gray eyes, a dear, quaint baby with glorious chestnut curls. But it was really the spirit and mind of her, beautiful as she was, that conquered every one, and

especially her father, who was indeed her slave from the day when he drove up to Stair Castle in a gipsy waggon of an abandoned character in company with Dame Dickenson, Father Michel, Uncle Ben, the two or three dogs, the kittens, the one without a name, the "drey" hen, and a small child holding a dissipated-looking owl with but one feather in its tail. The loving kindness of this small child towards all created things that were sick or suffering, her education as a gentleman in classics and logic, her poetry (here our author owes a debt to "Pet Marjorie"), her training in jurisprudence by a hard old Scots lawyer, above all, her undaunted bravery and honesty of soul—the whole portrait is one that Stevenson might have been proud to draw. He would have delighted in Nancy's "daffing" with Robbie Burns, as well as in the murder of the Duke of Borthwicke, and Nancy's saving of Danvers Carmichael at his trial with her subtle, woman's wit, strengthened as it had been by her upbringing at the hands of men. The ending of the tale is both conventionally happy and artistically right; and we find nothing to regret save a sudden attack of "preachiness" from which Nancy suffers in the final pages.

PETER'S MOTHER

By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The relations existing between mother and son are apt to be slightly strained, and the strain between a mother and an only son is invariably tighter from the very loftiness of mutual sentiment. Our sympathy is all with Peter's Mother, for she is charming and human; not at all with Peter, for he is a cub and selfish, taking, as his aunts are proud to point out, entirely after his dear father, who effectually managed to cloud the youth and spirits of his wife by his chill austerity. But he dies, just as Peter starts for the war; and Peter's mother is alone for three years. During this time she grows young in the air of freedom, and Peter at the war grows into a young man—the crisis of cubhood—more like his father than ever. He loses an arm and returns to a mother determined to place him on a pedestal and worship; for now he is not only her son, but a wounded hero. But Sarah, a brilliant girl with red hair, is too fond of them both to allow the sacrifice and clever enough to turn Peter round her little finger, revealing in the process his true character—faults and qualities—to his mother and himself. Both are shocked, but the situation is saved by the over-setting of the pedestal. It is a delightful story, told with a certain distinction and much charm: for the whole thing is in harmony, and though the dangerous notes of sentiment are continually touched, the touch is so true and delicate that there is never a single dissonance.

THE FATE OF FELIX

By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Long, 6s.) It will be a matter of regret to Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's readers to find her descending to such a wretchedly stale plot and incidents as those of the present story. A death-bed marriage, a bride who did not die but lived a lunatic hidden away in a country house, unknown to all but two persons, in defiance of all the probabilities. A second marriage, and a baby, followed by the startling discovery of the mad first wife. A murder, a ghost, and a grateful escaped convict who eventually proves that the death-bed marriage was not valid, that the ceremony was, in fact, performed by another escaped convict in disguise. It is time such battered old puppets were left to grow dusty upon the shelf. To produce new novels in rapid succession when there is a welcome awaiting them is no doubt a temptation, but when a standard has been established by an author's first book the public expect it to be maintained, there or thereabout; and if authors would only realise it, it is of no permanent advantage to themselves to throw off careless work, and it is a disappointment to those readers who remember their better work. Yet, setting aside the ridiculous plot, Mrs. Kernahan does not fail us altogether. She can write agreeably when in the vein; there are some effective scenes, the characters are generally lifelike, such people as are met with every day, and who would be pleasant enough company in other surroundings.

THE THREE DUKES

By G. Ystridde. (Unwin, 6s.) A study of life in a Russian country-house as seen by an Englishwoman with an observant eye for minor characteristics presents a certain novelty and interest. It would not, however, be fair to accept "The Three Dukes" as an accurate description of an average Russian household, since the head of it is regarded as an ogre by his family, eccentric by his friends, and as a wizard by the peasants; while his wife is full of small deceptions towards him, rates her dependants like a fishwife, beats her grown daughter, and is in all domestic relations ill to live with. Still, there are true pictures of the ordinary daily round, the women's side of life, more particularly in the house of a rich aristocrat, with its extravagances and discomforts and complete disregard of the feelings of inferiors. The story—or, rather, series of incidents and dialogues—suggests that it is the outcome of the personal experiences of one well acquainted with Russian customs, and she keeps strictly to the narrative, adding little or no comment or reflection by the way. The desire to tell much that she knows carries her through many pages that would have gained in attraction and value by sharp pruning by a friendly hand, and there are occasional faults of expression that call for correction. Nowhere is there a glimpse of the author's self, the book is as free from personal feeling and bias as a police report. She records what she has seen and heard, and her photographs of scenes and people bear the stamp of truth and individuality.

HELEN OF TROY, N.Y.

By Wilfrid S. Jackson. (John Lane, 6s.) For humorous stories there is a great and commendable demand, and they are the only kind of which the supply is inadequate. Even if it were not so, Mr. Jackson, already favourably known for his "Nine Points of the Law," would deserve a hearty welcome, for his fooling is excellent. It is rollicking farce, this tale of an American millionairess and her lovers, and as you read it at breakneck speed you catch yourself picturing the absurdity produced at the Strand Theatre, and you have no difficulty in fitting Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. James Welch and the rest of a "strong cast" with their parts. From the duel in the Green Park by moonlight between Freiherr von Degendorf and Mr. Raggleston Mr. Jackson contrives a constant succession of diverting situations, misunderstandings, disguises, awkward meetings, and wild rushings to and fro—the usual material of farce. But Mr. Jackson has more literary ability than commonly goes to the making of farces, and one or two of his scenes are touched with the true spirit of comedy. He has style, observation, and a pretty gift of dialogue, so that his characters talk with a naturalness which immensely heightens for the moment the plausibility of his wildly impossible plot. Lord Billinghamurst and his father, Lord Horsham, are well drawn, and so are Paul Arden and the politically-minded Lady Theodosia. Bobby Vane, the youthful "Johnny," is good, too, but the young ladies of the piece are shadowy, save Lady Maud, who stands out from the rest, and wins the reader's whole heart. Mr. Jackson appears to have entrusted the reading of his proofs to unskilled hands.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris. (Duckworth & Co., 3s. 6d.) The Confederate war in the States has formed a background for many a story and will furnish material for many yet to come. Its picturesque diversity of incident, its irregular skirmishes, and the relationships between those who took different sides—all give opportunity for the interweaving of the element of romance in any quantity desired. The book now in hand is readable undoubtedly; that is to say, it is written in good style with nothing to jar on the ears of those sensitive in such matters, but it is doubtful whether it will evoke enthusiasm. It is a book which, if there are no untoward interruptions, will probably be finished, but it could be put down at any moment without wrenching one's mental fibres. The characters are probable but not striking,

the little corner of incident brings us not a whisper of the greater events of the war; and the worst fault of all is that it is muddled. We do not know, to use a homely expression, quite what the people are "driving at." It all seems meaningless. They wander hither and thither in an aimless fashion, and much is left to the reader's own deductions. The hero of the book, who sets out to capture a spy, actually comes in contact with his man in a tavern, without knowing that it is he. He quarrels with him, and the spy is knocked out by the hero's negro servant. There he is left, while the hero, still unconscious of his identity, goes off philandering with the heroine, who, without much apparent reason, appears at every alternate entrance in man's clothes. Yet, at the end of the book, the hero is publicly praised for having "captured" the spy! The book is full of loose threads, but over it all there broods that atmosphere of quietude which appeals peculiarly to some people and is seldom found without a degree of literary quality. The type is good, and the illustrations are peculiar, having only one colour note—red—to relieve wash drawings of the ordinary sort.

A NEW PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

By Annie E. Holdsworth. (Lane, 6s.) There occurs in a recent musical comedy an engaging little ballad of cross purposes. Set down in prose, it relates, as far as memory may serve, the old, old story how Jack is in love with Jill; while Jill (one of many) likes Jim, who loves Jenny, who madly adores Will. Now, Will wooseth dainty Dorothy, but Dorothy, straight and tall, is sighing and yearning for Tom, who is burning for Kate, who loves no one at all! If the lovers concerned in "A New Paolo and Francesca" are fewer in number than all these, they may at least lay the flattering unction to their souls (and they are full of soul), that in point of complexity their amatory entanglements may successfully challenge even the above cited curious combination. There are, of course, four of them. (1) Janice Catesby (Francesca), Janice of the laugh and the sad eyes, as she calls herself, a passionate, pretty baby, as her prospective mamma-in-law calls her, and a somewhat fly-away little neuropath in the opinion of one heartless critic. (2) Her inseparable friend Heriot, dowered with beauty and gloom. (3) Sir Logan Catesby, stern and masterful Scotch baronet; and (4) Knight, his twin brother, gay, penniless, and tender. They are all cousins or cousins of cousins, and all obsessed by the ghosts of two promises made to a dying father and cousin that Logan and Janice, who have never met, shall marry. The actual position, however, on the first possible opportunity is that Janice, convinced that she ought to love Logan, falls in love at a glance with Knight; that Logan loves Heriot but is absolutely certain till the last page that he loves Janice; while Knight and Heriot, instead of conveniently loving each other (as, indeed, they are suspected of doing), love respectively Janice and Logan. This sad coil is further complicated by various "if-onlys" and "might-have-beens." The "if-onlys" are a foregone conclusion as soon as ever we know that Janice's life "tore within her and shrieked against the bonds in which she had bound it," before she saw either of her cousins. As for the "might-have-beens," they have chiefly to do with that sadly wicked and rather delightful old woman, the Lady Elizabeth Catesby. For Lady Elizabeth, it appears, had long ago, by a secret interchange of certain blue and pink baby-ribbons, transferred to Logan the heirship which properly belonged by a bare few minutes to his twin, to the great convenience and comfort of the story. The uses to which a little common sense might have put her astonishing confession are obvious. But, alas for them! all concerned are most honourable fools, and the two hundred or so pages treating of their perplexities are so surcharged with emotion that the arrangement of a marriage calculated to bring all this unhappiness to a head is a positive relief to the harassed reader. If only Miss Holdsworth had succeeded in convincing us of the necessity of it all, her tragedy might have easily won a share of the tremendous pathos that attaches to its prototype. But these are, surely, quite unreasonable self-sacrifices.

LADY PENELOPE

By Morley Roberts. (F. V. White & Co., 6s.) In the last year or two a sort of society novel of very slight texture, having hardly any plot at all and no delineation of character, has appeared pretty frequently. Such books depend for their success almost entirely on a conversational smartness which makes them amusing; and in truth they fill a place, for they supply pure recreation of the most trifling kind. In "Lady Penelope" we have one of this class without the single quality which might have made it worth having. The conversation is curt to the last degree, an exaggeration of that self-restraint in expression which is demanded by modern taste, but it is neither brilliant nor amusing. The *motif*, the way in which an heiress, who is only saved from dead perfection by a lack of the sense of humour, sends off her pack of lovers in ill-assorted couples is too farcical to be accepted as even a pretence at real life, and the lovers themselves are all stock figures—the fine, muscular athlete, the little timid poet, and so on. Mr. Roberts is a prolific writer, bringing out on an average his two novels a year, and he is now suffering badly from the disease of over-production. His "Colossus" was amusing; but that appeared six years ago, and since then the machine has been worked for all it is worth. Among the earlier books we remember some which certainly contained the stuff of which books are made, real raw life evidently taken from experience. The stuff was served up crudely, it lacked manner in presentation, but in those days it seemed possible that manner might come by practice, and that Mr. Roberts might develop into one of the virile school. Unfortunately, there seems to be no chance of that now; he has long ago deserted his original themes for the weakest style of society novel, and in the present book we find neither matter nor manner.

Short Notices

MODERN METHODS OF CHARITY

By C. R. Henderson, assisted by others. (The Macmillan Company, New York, 15s. net.)

POVERTY and affliction are always with us. To the statesman they present the aspect of social weakness or danger, to the philanthropist they are piteous, and either feels bound to deal in his own fashion with the problems raised. It is the philanthropist, however, who is the more eager of the two to point out the way—he it is who first finds time to pity the blind, the dumb, the epileptic, the insane, the fallen woman or neglected child, and to consider even the claims of the lost dog and the Yorkshire pit-pony. The complex interaction of private effort and public ordinance is clearly and on the whole interestingly set forth in Mr. Henderson's seven hundred pages. The editor and his assistants give a conspectus of the systems of relief throughout the chief countries of Europe, the British Empire, and the United States, concluding with a special account of Jewish charities.

In fact, this work attempts to do in a rough way for the civilised world in general what the Charities Register and Digest has done for the United Kingdom—namely, to guide enquirers to the best place for obtaining expert information on any given charitable subject. The editor expresses, indeed, a hope that general laws of right social action may be inferred from the numerous facts recorded, but he prudently makes no attempt to indicate such laws. The only clear "social imperative" which emerges from a perusal of this book is the duty of each worker to find out what others have done and are doing in his own special line, and to be willing to learn what these others can teach him. It is the petulant unteachableness of charitable men which so often blocks the way to united and effective action.

No nation has solved the problem of public relief.

This is clearly shown by the fact that the machine-made poor laws of England and America and the humaner systems of Germany and France are overlapped by hundreds of private societies. Reasonable men feel uneasy at the sight of this formless welter of activities, and in England especially the duty of organisation and co-operation has been strenuously urged. But no private body, however influential, will have weight enough for the work. Is it too much to hope that some day there will be a Minister of Charities?

We can strongly recommend this book as giving a temperate and impartial account of the world's charitable doings. There is a serviceable bibliography for those who wish to go more deeply into any particular matter, and an adequate index of contents.

SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS

By J. Charles Wall. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the latest addition to the series called the Antiquary's Books, which the Reverend Dr. Cox edits with notable success. The present volume may be said to be of a slightly more popular character than that on "Old Service Books," but the same wide research and careful compilation of facts have been employed, and the result will be, to the general reader, equally informative and interesting. At a time when England and Ireland were both called the "Isle of Saints," when William of Malmesbury said that every corner of the Monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury was filled with the bodies of meritorious saints, when a single small island, two miles and a half in length by one and a half in breadth, was said to contain the bodies of twenty thousand of them, can it be wondered at that shrines grew apace and the manufacture of reliquaries flourished in the land? Great Britain became saturated with saintly remains and the memories of a thousand thousand holy deeds drew pilgrims to almost as many shrines. The action of time, assisted by the personality of Henry VIII., changed all this. Mr. Wall says, in effect, that although nearly the whole of the visible shrines in Britain have been totally destroyed, the entire land is a shrine, its soil is permeated with the dust of her saints; but, alas! the sins of her children arrest the continued application of the name "The Isle of Saints." It is true we are no longer called by so pleasing a title, but we doubt very much if the author could prove to the satisfaction of the most compliant sociologist that, age for age, the entire morale of Great Britain was higher before the sixteenth century than, say, afterwards or at the present day. It is certain that his admirable lists of prelates and priests, his descriptions of shrines, tombs and reliquaries will not do it. But this is a side issue, although one on which Mr. Wall is somewhat insistent; the real matter before the reader is, as he says, an attempt to picture the various classes of shrines which were raised in Great Britain to honour the memory and the relics of her saints, to describe the construction of the greater shrines, to comprehend the riches of art bestowed upon them, and to expose the dominating reason for their destruction—and this attempt is carried to a highly satisfactory issue. The large number of illustrations from, we gather, drawings by Mr. Wall, and the photographs of actual remains, such as the shrine of St. Frideswide, Christ Church, Oxford, will prove helpful to all those desirous of pursuing with the author his researches among the relics of mediæval devotion. If to the sociologist Mr. Wall's treatment of his subject will make but slight appeal, to the student of religion this volume on the once overflowing number of British saints will not be without its value; while

the antiquary will be constantly interested in the work. Although he is unlikely to learn much that is new to him the present pages will recall to his memory many happy discoveries and queer traffics.

THUMBNAIL ESSAYS

By K. C. (Brown, Langham & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE forty or so neat little essays upon old truths and problems express the thoughts of hundreds of ordinary intelligent people in pleasantly rounded phrases. The author, in a modest dedication, alludes to them as "Philosophic Tabloids for Household Use," and no doubt they will be found an agreeable moral tonic for many minds, and may be administered to old and young alike with confidence that the result can only be beneficial. Here and there a fresh fancy or a touch of humour enlivens the page; here and there also there are definitions that will not meet with general acceptance—"Self-respect contents itself with externals and can survive all but being rudely found out." Again, how many men could give an honest affirmative to the question: "If a mirror existed which would show man his inner personality, would he not even more eagerly seize the opportunity of regarding his soul therein, with all the tricks and traits of his mental character?" By their nature some of these slight papers "contain counsels of perfection," but they are always on the right and bracing side of moral life, well written and presented with good feeling and good taste.

BITS OF GOSSIP

By Rebecca Harding Davis, author of "Silhouettes of American Life," &c. (Constable, 5s. net.)

MRS. DAVIS is of opinion that each human being, "before going out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived, its creed and purpose, its queer habits." Possibly, as she suggests, it would help to make history "live and breathe"; but to few of us is given such opportunities as hers, or the gift of the right touch and happy phrase that make her own memories so deeply interesting. The recollections of "The Old Home" in Virginia, where "nobody was in a hurry to do anything, least of all work, or to make money," are delightful. There are tragic stories, too, in "Life in the South," where the planters lived in magnificence and squalor, and "the washing of reputations clean by blood was going on perpetually." Perhaps the most sparkling chapter is "Boston in the 'Sixties," in which Mrs. Davis records her impressions of the "Atlantic" coterie, whose greater lights "did not appear to the eye of an observer belonging to a commonplace world precisely as they do in the portraits drawn of them for posterity by the other Areopagites." "While they thought they were guiding the world, they stood outside it, and never saw it as it was." Hawthorne alone stood aloof, "the alien among men, not of their kind"; "even in his own house he was like Banquo's ghost among the thanes at the banquet." "There was a mysterious power in his face I have never seen elsewhere in picture, statue, or human being." To Emerson as she saw him Mrs. Davis devotes considerable space, and gives us a striking portrait of the man who wielded such immense power over his disciples. In appearance "he was Uncle Sam himself. I have often wondered that none of his biographers have noticed the likeness. Voice and look and manner were full of the most exquisite courtesy, yet I doubt whether he was conscious of his courtesy, or meant to be deferential." "His interest in his Ego was so dominant that it probably never occurred to him to ask what others thought of him.

He took from each man his drop of stored honey, and after that the man counted for no more to him than the robbed bee." In her recollections of Holmes there is a kindlier note. Everybody loved and laughed with "the little doctor"; "he attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant child would attract them, but nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being intimate with him." Mrs. Davis, who saw both sides of the Civil War from her home in the South, the hatred, corruption, political jobbery, as well as its finer aspects, evidently feels something of a grudge against Lowell and the Boston clique for their persistent exaltation of it; to them, she complains, it was always "only the shining track."

"Bits of Gossip" is hardly a happy choice of title for this volume. It conveys too trivial an impression of a charming and informing series of memories and portraits.

STORIES FROM BALLADLAND

By Maye H. Black. (Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.) On its own merits this book would not call for notice; taken as an example of a practice that is growing only too common, it demands attention. The author has taken twelve stories from what she calls "Balladland," and told them in her own language for the benefit of children. Why? What is there in the tale of "Kinmont Willie," of "Wicked Lord Soulis," or "Sir Patrick Spens" that a child cannot learn for itself, with a little explanation, from the original ballads? And how is that child's mind more likely to grow to vigour and its literary taste to purity and ripeness—by the study of the ballad or the easy absorption of these insipid little morsels? For the "Tales from Shakespeare" there is ample excuse, not only in the nature of the material they were drawn from, but in the exquisite beauty of their form and the unerring rightness of their selection. But when we find Scott's words boiled down by Mr. Crockett into sop for babes, and these ballads turned into the language of the Sunday School reader, we can only be sorry for the modern child who is never left to himself.

Reprints and New Editions

VOLUME IV. of THE WORKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, which Messrs. Bell have just issued (3s. leather, 2s. cloth), has many interesting features, and will be most heartily welcomed by Emersonians. It is on the title-page marked "Miscellaneous Pieces," which, however, gives only the slightest hint of its interest. Naturally and inevitably the work even of Emerson varies in quality, and though some of the pieces here reprinted partake of the nature of occasional addresses and slight essays, I agree with the editor, Mr. George Sampson, that "they are far too good to be lost." Many to whom Emerson's Essays published in the previous three volumes of this admirable series are well known and long familiar will be charmed to discover special pieces which have not already been published except in "The Dial." Such essays, for example, as "The Senses and the Soul" and "Saadi and Persian Literature" are now for the first time reprinted, as is the editorial preface to "The Dial." Also, the official edition published after Emerson's death was considerably revised and altered from that which left Emerson's pen in life, and I note with pleasure that in this present volume the original text has been followed as closely as possible, with careful reference to the original sources of publication. The alterations and omissions were sometimes quite considerable, as a glance at the two editions will show. "Thoughts on Modern Literature" lost very considerably by the process. Here we have it in full. It is a very serious question to the lover of literature, "to revise or not to revise," but I think most readers will agree with me in preferring an original copy or an exact copy of the original, in which we can make our own "cuts" if necessary; somebody else's blue pencil may not agree with our tastes. I note that the fifth and last volume of the series will contain Emerson's Poetical Works.—I place TROOPER PETER

HALKET OF MASHONALAND (Fisher Unwin, 1s. net) among the fictional reprints of this week. Yet it is more truly a political pamphlet. While we think of Olive Schreiner as the author of "The Story of an African Farm" with admiration and high esteem, we cannot yet call her a "one-book" author. It was so notable an achievement that one always hopes that perhaps some day—? It is not quite clear why "Trooper Peter Halket" should be reprinted, for it was never successful even as a political pamphlet.—First a play, then a reading, and lastly a novel, **THE FROZEN DEEP** (Chatto & Windus, 1s. 6d. net leather, 1s. net cloth) achieved great popularity. As a play, it will be remembered, the part of Richard Wardour was created by Charles Dickens, who, says Wilkie Collins, "literally electrified the audience." An old playbill of August 1857—"in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold"—is given in the preface, where such famous names as Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Augustus Egg occur, as well as those of the author and Charles Dickens. Charles Dickens might have been a great actor had he elected to go on the stage; how grateful ought we to be that he chose literature, for his delightful personality is still with us in "David Copperfield," whereas had he taken to the boards, as he endeavoured to do, we should only have had some photographs and dry dramatic criticisms. Is there anything so dry in the world as the average dramatic criticism of old days? Messrs. Chatto & Windus give excellent value for the money in these two novels. They are not pretentious volumes, but something better—simple and serviceable.—Of Samuel Smiles' **LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS, METCALFE—TELFORD** (Murray, 3s. 6d.) there is little to say. The edition is an excellent one, the print good and clear, the binding handsome.—The De La More Press has issued **THE TEMPEST**, for young people. I was at first a little puzzled by the half-title—a "Lamb Shakespeare, based on Charles Lamb." It is really half Shakespeare, half Lamb, ornamented by numerous illustrations by Helen Stratton. The story of "The Tempest" as Lamb relates it has been strictly adhered to, but Professor Gollancz has interpolated frequent lines from Shakespeare himself. What shall we have next? First we have Shakespeare, then Lamb, now we have Shakespeare—Lamb—Gollancz; next we shall have, no doubt, Shakespeare—Lamb—Gollancz—Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Beer-bohm Tree. Some day someone will rediscover Shakespeare.—**NUMBERS 1 and 2 of Mr. Brimley Johnson's POCKET ANTHOLOGIES**, published at 6d. net each, have just left the press. They comprise "The Hundred Best Poems in the English Language" and "The Hundred Best Poems in German." It seems that the first series has been given so hearty a welcome and support that a second was rendered necessary. Who says there are no readers of poetry? F. T. S.

Books Received

Art

- Hatton, Richard G., *Figure Composition*. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
Bygone Eton: a Collection of Permanent Photographs; Part IV. Spottiswoode & Co., Eton College. (Eight large historical views, with a short descriptive note on each.)
A Selection from the Pictures by Boudin, Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, Morisot, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley, exhibited at the Grafton Galleries, 1905. Durand-Ruel & Sons. (Some fifty excellent reproductions.)

Biography and Memoirs

- Lyall, Sir Alfred, P.C., *Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava*, 2 vols. Murray, 36/0 net. (See Review, page 144.)
Crosby, Ernest, *Edward Carpenter, Poet and Prophet*. Fifeild, 0/6 net.
Holyoake, George Jacob, *Bygones Worth Remembering*, 2 vols. Unwin, 21/0. (See Review, page 145.)
Wellesley, Colonel the Hon. F. A., *With the Russians in Peace and War*. Nash, 12/6.

Drama

- Trevelyan, R. C., *The Birth of Parsival*. Longmans, Green & Co., 3/6 net.

Educational

- Lindsay, J. S., *Medieval British History: a Student's Guide*. Cambridge: Heffer; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 6/0. (The second volume of "Problems and Exercises in British History." Knowledge tabulated for the use of teachers and learners. Contains an immense amount of information, and should prove a useful guide to historical literature.)

Fiction

- The Complete Works of Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Leo Wiener. Vols. III. and IV. Dent, 3/6 net each. (Vol. III. contains "A Moscow Acquaint-

ance," "The Snowstorm," "Domestic Happiness," and "Miscellanies"; Vol. IV., "Pedagogical Articles," "The School at Yasnaya Polyana," and "Linen-Measurer.")

- Tracy, Louis, *The Sirdar's Sabre*. White & Co., 6/0. (The adventures of Sirdar Bahadur Mohammed Khan. Ten stories with a continuous interest. Very good reading.)
Tweeddale, Violet, *Lord Eversleigh's Sins*. Long, 6/0.
Griffith, George, *A Mayfair Magician*. White, 6/0.
Gull, Ranger, *A Story of the Stage*. White, 6/0.
Middlemass, Jean, *Count Reminy*. Long, 6/0.
Vesey, A. H., *The Clock and the Key*. Appleton, 3/6.
Naish, W. P., *An Awful Legacy*. Drane, 6/0.
Hamilton, M., *Out Laurels*. Heinemann, 6/0.
De la Pasture, Mrs. Henry, *Peter's Mother*. Smith, Elder, 6/0. (See Review, page 149.)
Dui-Palor, Jest and Earnest. Drane, 1/0.
Richards, Hedley, *The Meshes of Fate, or the Curse of the Blue Diamonds*. "Weekly Budget" Novels. Henderson, 0/3.

History and Archaeology

- Sundbärg, Gustav, Sweden. Government Printing Office, Stockholm. (A historical and statistical handbook, published in fulfilment of a measure passed in the Riksdag in 1898. Fully illustrated. Published also in French and Swedish.)
Hubbard, Arthur John and George, *Neolithic Dew-Ponds and Cattle-Ways*. Longmans & Co., 3/6.

Military

- "O," *The Yellow War*. Blackwood, 1/6.

Philosophy

- Turner, Arthur Tisdall, *A New Morality*. Grant Richards. (A violent little statement of "egoism" by a follower of Nietzsche.)

Political

- Williams, Constance, *How Women can help Political Work*. Hayman, Christy & Lilly. (A handbook for women anxious to take an active part in politics, telling them how to begin and what to do.)
Doyle, N. Gratian, *Free Trade or Freer Trade*. Drane, 1/0. (Six addresses delivered by Mr. Doyle under the auspices of the Tariff Reform League.)

Poetry

- Hurst, Cyril, *Scrap-Ironies*. Illustrated throughout by A. Carruthers Gould. Drane, 1/0. (Topical and political verses and skits, reprinted from "Public Opinion.")
Crosby, Ernest, *Broad-Cast*. Fifeild, 1/6 net. (The "poems" are mainly in the form of expression used by Walt Whitman.)
Kneass, D., *Hither and Thither*. Liverpool: Edward Howell, 1/0 net. (Mainly brief and aphoristic verses, with a "Reply" and a "Rejoinder.")

Reprints and New Editions

- George Whitefield's Journals, edited by William Wale. Drane, 3/6 net. (Whitefield's Journals have not been reprinted in full since 1756. This volume also includes the "Short Account" and "Further Account," with appreciations by Canon Hay Aitken and John Foster, and Cowper's lines on Leuconomus.)
Bernardin de St. Pierre, *Paul et Virginie*. Dent, 1/6 net.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Dent, 6/0.
Salt, Henry S., *Richard Jefferies: his Life and Ideals*. Fifeild, 1/6 net.
Stubbs, Bishop, *Biblical Criticism*. S.P.C.K. (Reprinted from a charge delivered in 1893 and from Ordination Addresses.)
Villari, Pasquale, *The First Two Centuries of Florentine History*. Translated by Linda Villari. Unwin, 2/6 net.

Sociology

- Blount, Godfrey, *For Our Country's Sake*. Fifeild, 0/6 net. (A manifesto of "The New Crusade," which has for its object a return to "the Country Life, with the ideal purity of its simplicity, industry, and innocent faiths." Proposals for corporate action in the purchase of land, the establishment of a museum of traditional arts and crafts, a school of handicraft and design, a hospice, a journal, and a church. At the end a detachable "form of allegiance" for those who wish to become Fellows of the Crusade.)

Theology

- Wynne, Canon G. Robert, *Archdeacon of Aghadoc, The Example of His Patience*. S.P.C.K. (Holy Week addresses on the Collect for Palm Sunday.)
Courtney, W. L., *Do We Believe?* Hodder & Stoughton, 3/6. (See Review, page 146.)
Geddes, Patrick, *The World Without and the World Within*. Birmingham: The St. George Press; London: Allen. ("Theology" is not, perhaps, strictly the right heading under which to place Professor Geddes' imaginative, almost mystical, "Sunday Talks" with his children.)
Dickinson, G. Lowes, *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*. Brimley Johnson. (Reprinted from the "Independent Review." The author's object is to "maintain that truth is not revealed in any sense of the word 'revelation,' which can be appropriately distinguished from the sense of the word 'science.'")

Periodicals

- "Library World," "New York Times," "Hither and Yonder," "Notes and Queries," "Struggle for America," "Journal of Agricultural Science," "Current Literature," "Critic and Literary World," "Collector's Magazine," "Motorist and Traveller," "New Africa," "The London Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," "Pictorial Comedy," "Animals' Friend," "New York American," "Dial," "Isis."

Pamphlets

- Warren, General Sir Charles, *The Holy Land*. S.P.C.K.
Taylor, G. W., *John Wesley and the Anglo-Catholic Revival*. S.P.C.K.
Malone, R., *Penitential Psalms*. S.P.C.K.
For Self-Examination. S.P.C.K.
A Practical Catechism. S.P.C.K.
Fenwick, George D., *The Good of Lent*. S.P.C.K.

Catalogues

- S.P.C.K., Suckling & Co., Godspeed.

Foreign

Periodicals

- "Courrier Européen," "Norsk Familie Journal," "La Revue des Idées," "Meamy's Chinese Miscellany."

Science

Knowledge and Reality

IT would seem self-evident that, before drawing any conclusions from observation and reflection, it is necessary for the philosopher, if not for the man of science, to make most stringent enquiry into the nature and conditions and validity of what he desires to regard as knowledge. Yet it was not until the coming of a great thinker who died scarcely more than a century ago that the fundamental importance of this enquiry was fully recognised. This is by no means to say that Kant was not preceded by many writers, such as Locke, who devoted much thought to the nature of the knowing process: but even to-day there is probably only a very insignificant minority of people prepared to make positive assertions about something—be it only the weather or the fiscal question—that have ever spent a moment in asking in what senses and in what measure any one can be said to know anything. And the term epistemology, which connotes the study of the nature of knowledge, is not, as in logic it should be, the most familiar and the first to be learnt of all the many words with the same termination.

In here attempting, not to recount in brief the doctrines taught by the immortal author of the critical philosophy, but rather to indicate the beliefs of psychology a century after the close of his long and meritorious life, we must begin by admitting that our initial problem is not merely unsolved, but insoluble. In front of me, as I believe, is a table. Few readers outside of Oxford will quarrel with me if I assume, as I do, that this table has—or, at any rate, indicates—a real existence which does not depend for its being upon my perception of it. If, then, I may assume that the external world, as represented by this table, exists by virtue of itself and independently of my mind or any other, we have first to admit that no one has yet begun to offer us the scantiest explanation of the manner in which we can have any knowledge at all of the existence of the table. Such explanations as have been offered are no more than admirably contrived verbal exercises. The prime fact that the Ego can, in some fashion, become aware of the non-Ego must simply be accepted. But it is of the first importance to inquire in precisely what fashion and with precisely what limitations, if any, this knowledge is attained.

Now all men have at one time in their mental development tacitly accepted the theory which we may call unqualified realism; and, in point of fact, it is only the very few who do not accept it without any question from first to last. According to this theory, which any plebiscite in any age or place would approve, things are what they seem—a table is simply a table. There can be no doubt about it. Behold it—a hard, flat, wooden object, supported upon four legs. Room for refinement or argument there is none: no sane man—say Realism and its countless adherents—can possibly dispute the unequivocal evidence of his senses. There can be no use in discussing the nature and conditions of human knowledge in such a connection as this. The man who would dispute that a table is precisely what it appears to be can never have seen a table—or must be moon-struck and outside serious consideration, save as a pathological product.

If this is so, then science, which deals with tables and stars and plants and rocks and other material objects,

is not subject to any necessary limitations. The eye may be short-sighted, but the telescope will remedy that. The sense of touch may be coarse, but the scales will do its weighing for it. We have merely to invent suitable instruments for reinforcing and supplementing our senses—and all may be known if we persevere. As for Reality—well, the capital letter is misplaced: what could more palpably be a solid chunk of Reality than—a table?

Crude realism, however, though it is, always has been, and doubtless will long continue to be, the most widely accepted of all beliefs whatever—answering more closely than any other belief ever did to the famous test of being accepted *semper, ubique et ab omnibus*, always, everywhere and by all—has nevertheless been found out. It is more certainly untenable, the universal plebiscite notwithstanding, than the crassest superstition of the most ignorant age.

The argument is not that no two people see a table in exactly the same way: for that does not exclude the possibility that at least one person may see it—or, at any rate, might be conceived to see it—in the right way: steadily and whole, as Matthew Arnold would say. The argument against crude realism is infinitely more cogent than that. For when, begging the insoluble question as to how it is possible to know at all, we come to ask ourselves what, in point of fact, we actually do know, there can be no doubt about the answer. In feeling and seeing this table I *know* merely the occurrence of changes in myself. It is not merely that a different nervous constitution might give me a very different idea of the table, though it is obvious that the eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing, and that eyes vary. The point is that, no matter what my sensory arrangement be, no matter whether I have a hundred senses for every one I possess now, yet all I *know* is change in my consciousness. As I cannot escape beyond the limits of my consciousness, I can never hope to know more. In order to know the table as it really is, I—or my consciousness—would have to become identified with it, which can never be.

Now, though this doctrine is not exactly of universal acceptance, yet we all employ a couple of terms in which it is implicit. The words phenomenon and phenomenal are perhaps the most consistently abused in language: as they are certainly amongst the most valuable and significant when rightly understood. Of course these words no more mean marvel and marvellous than they mean green cheese or hypochondriacal. A phenomenon is an *appearance*, such as this table or the Pleiades: and science deals with phenomena and their relations. When John Locke proved that we have no innate ideas, he proved that our knowledge can only be of phenomena. But we crave to know Reality: phenomenal knowledge does not satisfy us—we should be poor creatures if it did. And so we have metaphysics, or, as it is now more properly called, *ontology*—the science of Being, the study not of appearances, but of the Reality of which they are the appearances. But this high emprise ordinary folk may leave until such time as, haply, two ontologists understand and agree with each other.

Nevertheless it is plain that though Reality be, strictly speaking, unknowable, yet science, which deals with its appearances, can yet infer from them somewhat of its nature. If, for instance, science can prove, as it has conclusively proved, that all phenomena are inter-related, that in virtue of gravitation, for instance, I cannot push this table without affecting the position of every atom in the universe throughout all coming time; or, as Mr. Francis Thompson says,

"Thou canst not stir a Flower
Without troubling of a star";

then we may surely make the sublime inference that there are not many realities, but one Reality: or, to adapt in the light of modern knowledge the words of the Athanasian Creed, not many incomprehensibles, but One Incomprehensible.

C. W. SALEBY.

Whistler

WITH all the solemnity proper to a High Celebration, a great exhibition has been organised at the New Gallery of the works of Whistler, and the public has been summoned to pay their tribute of genuflexion. The homage is well deserved, for there are few who have not learned the greatness of the artist and the truth of his message. But the sincerity of the worshipper must be the outcome of his own appreciation; it is too late in the day now to be guided only by the injudicious pæans and fanfares of Whistler's dazzled henchmen who, in their in-eclectic enthusiasm, have even written up his faults into virtues. As Whistler, in one of his rare serious and confidential moods, said of a certain voluble champion: "When he praises me he lauds only my errors."

Now is the time to see and understand the true Whistler; now when the indiscretions are all but forgotten, when the bitterness has disappeared and has been forgiven. For, with certain exceptions, the chief work of his life has been gathered together, and the pictures are still at their best. For the opinion is strongly entertained by not a few that many of the subtlest of Whistler's pictures, like the subtlest of Turner's, are destined to a short life. The delicate tones, the exquisite gradations, the charming effects obtained by subtle glazes and scumblings, are often as evanescent as the bloom upon a peach, especially when the painting is not solid. Some of Whistler's pictures are already changing, and it is possible that in many cases future generations may wonder, as they stand before canvases on which we of to-day have lavished our warmest praise, what are the outstanding qualities that so stirred us to admiration.

It is this quality of subtlety which places Whistler on his pinnacle. Others before him have shown us much of the taste, the elegance, and the distinction, in different measures, which we see in his canvases; but none in our day allied to these qualities the rarer merit which is the touchstone of his genius. It is not surprising that, when he first declared himself, the eyes of the public, unaccustomed by such refinement and attracted more by the novelty and originality in his works, should have failed to recognise and appreciate. The marvel is not that there were so few to understand, but that there were so many. And to-day we have forgotten, or are on the way to forgetting, what was erratic in the man, what was eccentric and defiant in his pose, and the world is able to judge the work with the seriousness and calmness which the effervescence of the artist and his *entourage* used to render so difficult.

We see him here, in his landscapes, as the sweet singer in colour, and again as the poet-painter of the night. The mere facts of Nature are nothing to him—for Nature to him is bucolic, the Audrey who is to be trained judiciously into a Divinity. That is to say, he ignores the flesh and sees only the spirit and the romance, bathed in light, immersed in atmosphere, or shrouded in caressing darkness. There is in them the delicacy and melody of ineffable colour of which Swinburne speaks, as full of

delight and freshness "as a blossom or a fruit." Could Whistler have painted a landscape as Claude or Turner painted it? Most probably not. With him the essence of his picture was not fact poetically rendered, but the poetry removed as far as possible from fact.

But who cares for such limitations if the result is beautiful? We do not reproach Pieter de Hooch that he could not render the elevated sentiment of humanity like Raphael, or the might and nobility of style like Michael Angelo. But we should blame him if he were guilty of bad drawing, for bad drawing is not a limitation but a defect. Such a defect we sometimes find in Whistler in his figure-work—the result of lack of that training to which he would not submit. But what we might reproach him with is the absence of other qualities essential to figure- and portrait-painting—qualities which, notwithstanding, are not wanting in his masterpieces "An Arrangement in Black and Grey: Portrait of my Mother" and "Arrangement in Green and Gold: Portrait of Thomas Carlyle." There are the qualities of anatomical construction, of sought-for character, and of realised expression. When Whistler said "Why drag in Velasquez?" he was not guilty of the absurdity of vanity which most people still see in his quaint remark; it was really a rebuke, addressed not only to the flattery but to the blindness of his more foolish eulogisers. *He* knew well enough where his pictures fell short of the mighty Spaniard, and where the comparison was absurd. He knew that he lacked the fine, nervous draughtsmanship of the master, based on a profound knowledge of the human frame. He knew that he could not match, and did not attempt to match, the expression and character and the swift and brilliant brushwork of the First Impressionist. But he also knew that where he did enter into rivalry was in his unerring choice of his palette, in his perfect tones and values and in the exquisite colour. At one period, it is true, he detracted from the effect of these merits by importing black into all his tones as a "universal harmoniser," so as to bring his picture "together." On this account his canvases often look dirty, and the effect is, in consequence, not infrequently unpleasing. But in his portraits he invariably gives us that fine artistic presentment of a character which is so rarely met with in modern work. He always seems to think of his sitter as painter's material rather than as a subject; the sitter is to him not the subject but a means to an end, and that end a pattern, a decorative panel, not the mere imitation of a lady or gentleman. And as he held that a sweetstuff shop was as worthy a subject as the earliest saint or the latest sinner, so he felt that the artistic effect of a human being against an absorbing background was as fine an artistic problem as the unmistakable rendering of the form and features of Mr. Jones or Lady Smith. He therefore commonly failed, or at least did not choose, to render one of the dimensions—that of projection. In fact, he was the decorative artist throughout, who proclaimed himself more brilliantly and convincingly in the peacocks in Mr. Leyland's room than in many a so-called portrait in which the subject was an excuse for an arrangement. Indeed, it is a question whether the

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

wonderful subtlety of the graduated black background in the portrait of "Sarasate" is not a more remarkable and interesting achievement than the figure of the violinist who stands in its shade.

In painting, Whistler covered nearly the whole ground, and his view of art enabled him to cover it well. "It is not necessary that I should be a coal-scuttle painter," he said, "to be able to paint coal-scuttles." Nevertheless, he knew he should not try to draw horses and the like without special study. Had he attempted to do so, had he wished to paint flowers (which he did so exquisitely in the earlier part of his career), the treatment would have been in mass not in line. He was, in fact, a great decorator, and he was right. Where he was mistaken was in his frequent suggestion that all forms of art that were not decoration were wrong.

For there were three Whistlers, in his general art-work as in his etching, and his views became modified with growing years, perhaps, too, with his growing short-sightedness. In his first stage he began with a searching after exactitude. In the second, he became the impressionist. In the third, he sought to unite the two states. In his etching he succeeded in his aim; in his painting he failed to a considerable extent. But his failure was but partial, for although his suggestion does not always realise the form he endeavours to achieve, and although his local colour is often unacceptable and his sense of facial beauty is as defective as a Dutchman's, the general result is fine and harmonious, sometimes bold in its originality, and impresses the spectator with the strong personality of the man. His theory that the work of a good artist "is finished from the beginning" caused him to mistrust himself to carry his work as far as most would think desirable; indeed, in his pastels he would often leave the little essays in a state of incompleteness which would be accepted as completeness at the hands of no one else. They were notes, but usually so charming in their rhythm and colour that they sing "Tra-la-la," as it were, as sweetly and beautifully as "Tra-la-la" has ever been sung before; but not carrying the song to its end.

Still, as we consider the full sum of Whistler's achievement—whether in his portraits we compare him with Velasquez or only with Goya, whether in etching we place him beside Rembrandt or below him—we recognise in him a genius who would doubtless have risen higher still had that prodigious talent permitted him to base himself on education according to rules. He was, above all, a great innovator, who preached the gospel of the eclectic sensuous emotion of art, to the exclusion of all else—and he now lies at Chiswick hard by where Hogarth lived and died and now lies buried too, the first and the latest of the great, courageous innovators of art in England; the first the great Reformer of Leicester Fields, and the other the Prophet from the West.

Drama

Mollentrave on Women at the St. James's

FORM is important, but the need of the English stage at the present moment is not so much form as ideas. We have plenty of dramatists who have mastered the technique of their art, and can "work" or "carpenter" a play to perfection. Unfortunately, as a rule, they have nothing to say that is worth the expenditure of experience and skill they bestow on their production. And, therefore, when we

meet with a playwright who has an idea, it is better to thank him for that than to blame him for expressing it badly.

There can be no question that Mr. Alfred Sutro has expressed his idea badly, for the formal confusion of his play amounts to nothing less than bad work. It is not a comedy; it is not a farce. It is now one and now the other. Or, rather, there is one figure of pure comedy, that of Mollentrave himself, surrounded by the most farcical set of puppets that could well be imagined. Mollentrave lives; he is quite real and a most suggestive conception; all the rest are nothings, put there merely to show off Mollentrave. But had they even less of life and character than Mr. Sutro has given them, and had the incidents of their story been even less probable and comprehensible than they are, the play would have been worth writing and worth seeing for the sake of Mollentrave himself and the idea he suggests.

Every one knows by now that Mr. Mollentrave was the author of a large book "On Women," of whom he had made a lifelong and scientific study. He had gone to work thoroughly, for in the pursuit of his investigations (hale and hearty old amorist that he was!) he had married and buried no less than three wives. And the result of all his researches was this, that there was such a thing as Woman; a being that could be classified, labelled, and pigeon-holed. His large book, which he appeared to know by heart, and quoted on every occasion, as Sir Austin Feverel quoted his System, contained a full explanation of this creature called Woman (we cannot help thinking that the title of Mr. Sutro's play would have been more pointed if he had written Woman instead of Women). It explained her lucidly under every conceivable circumstance; told you exactly what she would do under any given set of conditions, what plan of action you should follow in order to produce certain effects—in fact, explained away all the mystery that ever has enwrapped and ever will enwrap her, and laid the secrets of her nature as bare as a chemist lays the secrets of a combination of elements.

That was Mollentrave's idea of Woman. It is not uncommon in real life, but it rarely persists in any man after the age of twenty-five. Mollentrave had managed to preserve it till sixty, and it was not unnatural that, since he went about proclaiming his knowledge and presenting copies of his treatise to his friends, they should call him in as a kind of doctor for complaints of the heart. Lord Contareen had called him in because he wanted to marry Mollentrave's own daughter, the widowed Lady Claude Derenham. Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P., called him in because, being a hard-working bachelor, he was a little annoyed at having to share his house with a sentimental young female ward and a nephew who had fallen in love with her, and was only too anxious to be rid of both. Mollentrave, the specious, glib physician of the heart, undertakes both cases, and makes a mess of both. It is needless here to follow the succession of failures through which, with all the assurance of a great specialist, he blunders with a suave, even a triumphant, manner and a readiness to take all the credit to himself when anything, by accident, falls out as he predicted. The morning papers have all had a try at explaining Mr. Sutro's most complicated and rather annoying plot, with a measure of success which is ample warning of the danger of the attempt. It is more profitable and amusing to disentangle the idea which Mr. Sutro meant not so much to elucidate or prove as to hint.

We get the first hint of that idea from Lady Claude Derenham. She sees through her father, and knows

perfectly well that he is behind all the twists and turns in the love chase so clumsily and grotesquely performed by Lord Contareen. "Oh, don't practise on me, papa!" she says almost with scorn. She is the one sensible person in the circle of Mollentrave's flabby victims, and it is appropriate that she should be the first to suggest the idea. In effect, she says, dutifully enough: "My father's theories may be true of ninety-nine women out of a hundred—but I think I am the hundredth." You accept the statement, for the moment, of her individually; you are ready to believe that Lady Claude is actually the hundredth, and that the rest are the ninety-nine. It is later, considerably later, after you have been for some time thoroughly amused by single lines and separate scenes and rather wearied by the inequality and complication of the general effect, that the same thought is enounced by another woman in the play, the silly, sentimental little ward of Sir Joseph Balsted, who believes herself in love with her guardian. Her eyes have been opened to the truth, not by any of Mollentrave's elaborate schemes, but by the fact that Sir Joseph in a rage called her to her face a "silly little idiot." She sees that she really loves, not the middle-aged barrister, but the youthful medical student, his nephew; and she says to him, in effect, "It may be all very well for ninety-nine women out of a hundred, but I think I am the hundredth."

And there we have the idea round which the whole play is constructed. Every woman is the hundredth woman. There is no such thing as Woman; there are only women; Lady Claude Derenham is one, Margaret Messilent is another; yet another and a wholly different woman is Edith Farrington, whom Mr. Sutro presented to us earlier in the same evening, superbly played by Miss Edyth Olive in "A Maker of Men." They are all different, and the Mollentraves of life, who try to formulate, to generalise, to arrange and classify, are either humbugs or ignorant of the subject of their science. Generalities, Mr. Sutro would tell us, are dangerous things. Even generalities about Man (and there may very likely be such a thing as Man) are likely to allow too little for personality; generalities about Woman are all in the air. If, in dealing with a woman, you count on your knowledge of other women, you are pretty sure to make mistakes; for in women the personal is everything, and the personal is subject to no laws.

The idea may be considered cynical, but we question if it can fairly be called so, and whether Mr. Sutro intended it to be so. Cynicism there is in plenty in his play; but it takes the form of amusing and flowery remarks from Mollentrave, who is the one person in the play to show complete ignorance of the subject. The women themselves, Lady Claude and little Margaret Messilent, both upset his theories by proving themselves better—possessed of more sense, that is, and character—than he supposed. It was Mollentrave and his scheme that encouraged their folly. Left to themselves they act sensibly and healthily in the end.

Mr. Sutro's play may be commended then, in spite of its manifest faults, because the author has consulted human nature first and the rules of play-writing second. It would have been far more commendable had he consulted both in fairer proportion. Another welcome sign is that his play is amusing. There has been lately some reason to fear that Mr. Sutro was going to mistake the stage for the lecture-platform or the pulpit, and become didactic in the manner of M. Brieux and others of the French theatre. "Mollentrave on Women" removes that fear. It is not as light, as whimsical, as irresponsible as Mr. Barrie would have made it, though

it has something of the same aim; but it contains Mollentrave, and Mollentrave is a creation that fills the stage and the mind. Mr. Eric Lewis played him to perfection. Miss Marion Terry made the most of Lady Claude, and Miss Lettice Fairfax had no trouble in doing what she had to do as Margaret Messilent. No one else had a chance.

Monthly Prize Competition

AWARD

VIVIAN GREY

By Benjamin Disraeli.

IT is a truism to say that our estimate of any book depends largely upon its comparison with our preconceived ideas of its author. But in the case of a writer like Disraeli—of a man, that is, who, whether he achieved greater things or not, attained far wider fame in a sphere other than that of literature—it is a truism which must naturally be especially applicable. Almost of necessity one approaches the book with certain opinions, vague or defined, of Disraeli the man and the statesman; and the average reader's impressions will vary just according as his standpoint inclines to the blind hero-worship of the Tory, the qualified admiration of, say, Professor Bryce, or the bitter hostility displayed toward the "Jew adventurer" by men so different as Carlyle and Lord Acton. The curious detachment, for example, shown in Disraeli's judgments on Western ways and manners, traced unquestionably by Mr. Bryce to his Jewish blood, is commonly labelled by his detractors as an ignoble spirit of mockery—the outcome of looking on mankind on a degraded plane. The extreme sentimentalism, too, which was but the reflex of the circles in which the youthful author moved, is put down as cheap affectation, or, worse, as mere satire on sacred things, all the more detestable for its concealed irony.

All this, of course, points to the fact that the main interest of Disraeli's novels, as in the case of other men whose personalities are greater than their works, is a subjective one. In "Vivian Grey," valuable though it be as a picture of certain phases of society, it is the author who most commands our curiosity, and not less so because the actual autobiographical touches are so often uncertain, and so much manipulated. For Disraeli was above all things a *poseur*. He never by any chance takes one entirely into his confidence, and in this first book of his he revels in every opportunity of mystification and effect. The cynicism is without doubt exaggerated; his satire, keen as Voltaire's own, is given rein until it becomes mere burlesque in the description of the Grand Duke of Johannisberger and his bibulous cronies. The hero's boundless ambition—or, at least, his unscrupulous methods of advancing it—which make the first by far the most fascinating portion of the book, are perhaps equally overdrawn—so far, that is, as they are intended to portray qualities in the author himself. They represent pretty accurately the Disraeli his bitterest opponents would have us believe him to be, but which, in the bald outline indicated here, he never became. All of which exaggeration, of course, is due mainly to the author's youth and to the purposes of self-advertisement for which the book was written. The hero's savage cynicism is capriciously dropped after the crisis which drives him from England to adventures of an entirely different kind abroad. The Vivian Grey who fawns on Carabas is by no means the same

individual who at the agonised request of Lady Trevor saves her brother from the aristocratic card-sharpers, and magnanimously forgives the penitent Baron. Each is an incarnate version of one side of Disraeli's character—as complex as any this most complex age has produced. Each may, in some degree, be traced to his youthful adoration of Byron; "wild, melancholy young men" were the rage in the *salons* of the Blessington and Count d'Orsay. The cynicism—Jewish, and of a kind with Heine's, says Mr. Bryce—was fostered by Byronism, while the sentiment was of the latter's *school* altogether. There is one peculiarly Oriental characteristic, however—the love of magnificence and display, and hence of society and its doings in general. Not the fair Madame Carolina's rival, Von Chronicle himself, could have described with more enthusiasm for detail the fancy ball "of the period of Charles V.," which fills so many pages of the last book. It is almost the only trait of which Disraeli himself seems to be unconscious—hence an added charm.

In spite of all apparent lack of cohesion in various divisions of the book, "Vivian Grey" leaves with one a very definite impression. It is expressed, I think, most admirably in the last paragraph of Book I. After a whole chapter of moralising addressed by Grey the elder to his ambitious offspring, touching in airy manner on Education, on Wealth and on Life, he concludes: "For, O my son, the wisest has said, 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent';" then, without a break, "Let us step into Clarke's, and take an ice!" A touch, surely, which fulfils all Mr. Watts-Dunton's requirements for a piece of Absolute Humour.

J. FRANK HORRABIN.

THE MONTHLY PRIZE COMPETITION will in future be discontinued.

The Bridgewater House Gallery.

ONLY a small proportion of the crowds that flock annually to the exhibition of the Royal Academy ever think of turning aside to visit the smaller collection in the Diploma Gallery, which contains several masterpieces of the first rank. Fewer still are those who have taken advantage of the generous permission of successive owners since the beginning of the nineteenth century to see the treasures of Bridgewater House, not a quarter of a mile away, which among private collections are almost unique.

Bridgewater House has long been famous among the great galleries of the world in virtue of the pictures attributed to Raphael and Titian, which form its most notable possessions. In these days, of course, the fame of Raphael has been somewhat dimmed, and modern criticism has proved conclusively that many of the masterpieces attributed to him for centuries are the work of his hand only in part, if at all. The star of Titian, on the contrary, has been rising steadily all the while, and now occupies a paramount position among our artistic constellations. Thus the inclusion of no less than five pictures attributed to Titian, of which four at least rank high as masterpieces even among Titian's masterpieces, would in itself be enough to make the Bridgewater collection worth a special pilgrimage.

Yet the Titians, though they are the chief glory of Bridgewater House, are not its only claim to

consequence. Most of the great painters of Italy other than the primitives are represented by fine pictures, while the series of works by the Dutch masters is of surpassing variety and excellence. So high is the average of the gallery that two fine portraits by Reynolds, a great sea-piece by Turner, and a charming landscape by Gainsborough—which in any less carefully chosen collection would at once arrest the attention—appear in the Bridgewater House to be no more than a fitting supplement to the magnificent array of paintings by the great Continental masters.

Mr. Lionel Cust, in his introduction to the huge volume just issued by Messrs. Constable, gives an account of the extraordinary succession of accidents owing to which the collection was formed. The story will bear re-telling. The first Duke of Bridgewater was no collector, but chanced when dining with his nephew, then Earl Gower, to see and admire a picture which the latter had picked up for a small sum at a broker's shop that morning. "You must take me," said the Duke, "to that d—d fellow to-morrow." From this small beginning was developed apparently the taste for buying pictures which led to the formation of the Bridgewater Gallery.

This incident was followed by an amazing stroke of good fortune. The well-known "Philippe Egalité," Duc d'Orléans, had inherited the famous Orléans collection, the nucleus of which was the collection of Queen Christina of Sweden. For political and private reasons he was in need of money, and to get it disposed of his Italian and French pictures to a banker at Brussels, who in turn sold them to a M. Laborde. On the outbreak of the Revolution M. Laborde fled to England with his collection. Later he returned to France, was recognised, and fell a victim to the guillotine. His pictures, however, remained in London and, through the agency of Mr. Michael Bryan, the well-known expert, were purchased on behalf of the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, for the sum of £43,000.

Having obtained this splendid collection for such an absurdly small sum, the three noblemen selected a certain proportion of it for themselves and offered the rest for sale by private treaty. The result of this sale was surprising. The pictures which the three noblemen did not think worth keeping fetched the sum of £41,000—that is to say, they acquired their collections for next to nothing. Moreover, this residue contained such paintings as "The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastiano del Piombo, the "Rape of Europa," and apparently the "Perseus and Andromeda," by Titian, with many other famous pictures. Such is the story of the foundation of the Bridgewater House Gallery.

The volume published by Messrs. Constable must of necessity appeal to a limited audience, since only a rich man could afford the fifty guineas which it costs. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether such a magnificent series of plates has ever been published before. The photographs by Mr. Bourke are of an excellence so unusual as to make the study of these reproductions hardly less profitable than seeing their originals. Those who are acquainted with the processes of photography and photogravure will know their disadvantages as well as their advantages. It may be doubted, however, whether the disadvantages have ever before been minimised to the degree that they are minimised in this publication. Time after time one is forcibly struck by the perfect rendering not only of texture, tone and handling, but also by the suggestion of colour which the prints convey, a suggestion especially difficult in the

case of the great Venetians, whose glowing and complex harmonies place their pictures among the most difficult things which the camera has to render.

It is impossible to keep the eye in training without some constant exercise in the presence of good pictures, and among the scholarly and sumptuous works of reference which have been issued it would be hard to name any single one of such consistent and exceptional value. The only cause for regret that the reader may have is the shortness of Mr. Lionel Cust's notes. They are always sound and admirable criticism, but we think most readers of the book would be glad if he had made them two or three times their present length.

C. J. H.

Correspondence

Sound Sleep

SIR,—In your issue of February 4 one of your correspondents says (re "earlids" in Dr. Saleeby's article) that "most of us enjoy but the thin sleep of the semi-invalid," and suggests that normally sound sleep is impervious (more or less) to shocks of sound. But do not most animals sleep so lightly that they are awakened by sounds that we do not hear?

May not the "soundness" of human sleep, then, be part of that sense-degeneracy which is part of the price we have paid for the evolution of certain of our more purely human characteristics.—Yours, &c.

J. W. HOME.

"Religion for all Mankind"

SIR,—If I may venture a question in connection with your notice of a book I have not read, by an author I know only by name (Rev. Charles Voysey), I might arrive at a better understanding of your critic's allusion to the following quotations made by him as "essentially contradictory theses." He says the author "has undertaken to provide 'a religion for all mankind based upon facts that are never in dispute,'" his second quotation being as follows: "It is the right and duty of every man to think for himself in matters of religion." Where is the contradiction? Though the "facts" be actually such as are never in dispute, far otherwise, it would already appear, is it held to be likely with the religion based upon them. The first words quoted are perfectly consistent with those that follow, should a man prefer to base his own views on all or any of numberless points that are very much in dispute, and on which he may both claim the "right," and perform the "duty," of thinking for himself.—Yours, &c.

W. L.

Tolstoy's Sevastopol

SIR,—Apropos of the review in your issue of February 4, may I draw attention to a little-known article which, recalling the sensations he had lived through during the siege, Tolstoy wrote many years after the Crimean War was over? It was too strongly worded for the censor, and consequently is not included in any Russian edition of Tolstoy's works. I do not find it in the volume, lately issued, containing Professor Wiener's version of "Sevastopol," nor did I myself know of its existence when my wife and I first translated that work; but it is included in our sixpenny edition of "Sevastopol and other Stories," which appeared in 1903. That, I think, is the only edition of Tolstoy's works in which it has as yet been printed, though it well deserves to be read as a preface or a pendant to the Sevastopol sketches.

Another matter deserving mention is the unfortunate mistake Professor Wiener has made by including passages Tolstoy has repudiated, and which he requested me to omit from our version. "This epic of Sevastopol, of which the Russian nation was the hero, will long leave grand traces in Russia," is one instance of the clap-trap which a Russian editor found it necessary to introduce to mollify the censor, but which it is a great pity to continue to reproduce after Tolstoy has publicly disowned it.—Yours, &c.

AYLMER MAUDE.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

GERVINUS, speaking of Hamlet, says: "His conversation with her [Ophelia] is equivocal, and not as Romeo, Bassanio, or even Proteus have spoken with their beloved ones," but he does not draw any conclusion from it. Professor Dowden refers to the passages in question in even stronger terms, "half-ambiguous obscenities," but treats the incident as merely casual. Dr. Conolly, writing from the medical point of view, does not mention it. That indecency is one of the surest symptoms of mental derangement Shakespeare was, of course, well aware; witness Ophelia's songs—it did not need Goethe's injurious suggestion to account for them—certain passages in Lear also, with his wish for an ounce of civet to sweeten his imagination. I shall be glad to know if this note of degeneration has been taken into account in the endeavour to determine Shakespeare's intention in the character of Hamlet.—S.C. (Ealing).

LITERATURE.

HUDIBRISTIC RHYMES.—Are there any examples of "Hudibrastic" rhymes in English verse before the publication of "Hudibras"?—E. J. Ludlow (Edinburgh).

HOLY ASIA.—In the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus the Chorus speaks of "the inhabitants of holy Asia." Why does Æschylus call the land of the barbarians "holy"?—E.S. (Nottingham).

* SAINT CHARLES.—"Saint Charles!" exclaimed Thackeray one day, as he finished reading once more the original of one of Lamb's letters to Bernard Barton. These words are from Canon Ainger's Preface to the Everaley "Ella." Can any reader give the authority for the story?—G.S.R. (Burnley).

* EAGRE—EAGOR.—Dryden, in his "Threnodia Augustalis," speaks of the tide-wave as the "Eagre" ("the Eagre rose in triumph o'er the tide"), and Camden speaks of the bore of the Severn as the "Eagre." Is there any ground for connecting this term with the Anglo-Saxon "Eagor," a word frequently used in *Beowulf* for the sea?—E.H.W.-B. (Hove).

KIPLING'S NORNS.

When the Conchimarion horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies,
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to eternity
All yesterday's modernity: . . .

Kipling, *Files* ("Five Nations").

Does this mean that the newspaper columns (the Norns) fix for all eternity the faded fancies of yesterday? And is it correct to figure the files, which only register doings, as Norns, who were, I understand, fate-spinners? They made history, not reported it. Are their Conchimarion horns derived from *conch*, meaning "shell"? Has the word ever been used before? and is there any authority for it in Norse literature? Lastly, is "reboantic" from the Latin (or English) *re-boo*, meaning to yab-yab mockingly, and antic? And has that word been used before?—John Bland.

DIOTREXES AND HIS ASPASIA.—"Married at last! Has Diotrexes found his Aspasia?" cried Claude (from Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," Chapter xv.). I presume that in this allusion Diotrexes stands for a confirmed misogynist, and Aspasia for a typical charmer, as the name implies; but one would expect Pericles rather than Diotrexes in connection with the name of Aspasia. Is there any romance in which Diotrexes and Aspasia figure? I can find no light on this point in any works of reference.—K.C.B.

THOMAS MOORE AND BRAHMANISM.—In the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," in the song beginning "A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh," the eyes of this "Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss" are described as resembling—

Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble.

What authority had Moore for this description? In C. F. Volney's "Ruins" a note on Brahmanism cites Chastier Neadirsen as saying, "Brahma has the eyes of the lotus to denote his intelligence: his eyes swim over everything, like the flower of the lotus on the waters." Brahma was certainly recognised by the Vedic poets as the highest cosmical principle, the primary source of the universe, the other members of the Hindu Trinity being Vishnu and Shiva. The existence of other gods is recognized, but in a very different way from that of the triple divinity: the office of the God of Love is held by Kamadeva, also called Ananra (the bodiless), because, as the myth relates, having once tried by the power of his mischievous arrow to make Shiva fall in love with Parvati whilst he was engaged in devotional practices, the urubin was reduced to ashes by a glance of the angry god. There is a figure of Brahma, four-faced, on a lotus in the cave of Elephant's Isle.—C.R.W.

NOVELISTS.—Speaking of novelists Balzac says: "La nature s'est, de tout temps, permis d'être plus forte qu'eux." Is this merely a variation of the familiar theme, "Truth is stranger than fiction"? Or does Balzac mean that real characters are more vivid than the creations of the novelist's art, as the actual colours of the sky (according to Ruskin) are incomparably brighter than the artificial colours on the painter's palette?—*Student.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

HOLD OR CUT BOWSTRINGS.—Whether this phrase was originated in, and intended to mean, "in any event" is not quite clear. It is probable that the word bowstring was used figuratively to mean the bow itself—to cut—i.e. meaning to draw. The bow would therefore, of course, be to shoot, which would mean deliberate action on the bowman's part; and to explain the use of the expression in the quotation given by your correspondent—

Quince. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bottom. Enough! Hold or cut bowstrings.

Shakespeare alludes to this: "He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him" ("Much Ado," III. ii.).—*K.S. (Bristol).*

MONEY IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.—£130 per an. is too low for the poet's prosperous day, when he was reputed to "spend at the rate of £1,000 per annum"; the smaller sum could not include his professional earnings, viz., as property man, dramatist under contract, and actor; very probably his shares in the company were worth £600 as invested capital. In 1597 he bought the "great house" in Stratford, £60 down, and subsequent additions. In the same year he was rated at £5 for his residence in Bishopsgate, then paying 13s. 4d. (a mark). In 1604-5 his tithes rent purchase of £60 per annum cost £440; in 1612-3 he paid £140 for a house in Blackfriars. Then, £5×8=£40 present currency.

13s. 4d.×8=6
£60×8=480
140×8=1,120
440×8=3,520
600×8=4,800

Here we mix capital and income, for the details are merely selected, not fully extended.—*A. Hall.*

WARWICKSHIRE.—In your issue of December 31, 1904, "E. S., Edinburgh," answers "F. T.'s" question as to whether there are sufficient dialectical peculiarities in Shakespeare's plays upon which to base an argument for a Warwickshire origin for said plays. He says "No," and adds that Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society, produced 518 words from the plays which he claimed were Warwickshire words, but that not one of them is peculiar to Warwickshire. This proves nothing against Dr. Morgan's assertion that the plays contained Warwickshireisms, nor against his proposition that their presence pointed to a Warwickshirean authorship of the plays, especially as the question Dr. Morgan was discussing was as to whether Shakespeare (a native of Warwickshire, where that dialect was spoken) was the author of the plays, as against (for example) Bacon, who was not a Warwickshire man, whatever else he might have been. Doubtless Warwickshire vocabularies, like all other vocabularies, had origins, and, very probably, they were used in other shires besides Warwickshire. "E. S." might as well say that the Italian language was not really Italian because every syllable in it had a Latin origin. Dr. Morgan's "Glossary," by the way, was a *propos* of a study of the puns in the plays, and of his attempt (which seems to me a successful one) to show that these puns depended upon Warwickshire vowel pronunciations, which are unusually arbitrary, for their intelligibility.—*H. McC. (Newmarket).*

"LADY OF THE STRACHY."—This passage is a problem which has never yet received an entirely satisfactory solution. Hunter has suggested that in the scene between Sir Topas and Malvolio, Shakespeare is ridiculing the exorcisms by the Puritan ministers in the case of a family name Strachy (1596-99), and therefore introduces the word *Strachy* as a hint to the audience of what is to follow. Unlike his contemporaries, Shakespeare is certainly sparing of allusions to the Precisians (cf. Ben Jonson), who were one of the staple butts of playhouse wit at this time. Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. Other suggestions are "Strozzi," "Stracci," and "Stratarch."—*F.W.T. (Dudley).*

LADY OF STRACHY.—See "Strachy," river and parish, Sutherland; *ch* and *th* are convertible, as in Strachan, Strahan, for Strath-aven. This points to a Scottish origin for the anecdote cited in "Twelfth Night," II. 5; that "the Lady of the Strachy married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe." Now, the notorious James Hay, who became Earl of Carlisle, was in the "Wardrobe" under James I.; he started as a Court favourite, and, by royal patronage, married a great heiress and baroness, named Lady Honora Denny, whose father was Earl of Norwich. Here we must postulate a change of designation, just like the substitution of Falstaff for Baron Oldcastle, to avoid censure. There is a family of baronets named Strachey, but their annals supply no explanation of the passage cited from Shakespeare.—*A. Hall.*

"STRACHY."—A word of doubtful form and meaning, occurring only in "the passage quoted," while in earlier editions it is italicised as a title or proper name. It seems possible to have been an historical reference to an incident which occurred in the Twelfth Night revels at Holyrood, where Mary Fleming, maid to Mary Queen of Scots, was chosen Queen of Twelfth Night, 1563.—*Edith Philip.*

LITERATURE.

THE RELAXED BOW.—The following story is told of Æsop by Phædrus (III. xiv.): The sage was discovered playing "nuts" with a crowd of children, and consequently incurred the ridicule of a passer-by. Thereupon, by way of rebuke, he placed a relaxed bow in the middle of the road, asking the scoffer to explain the point of the action. The latter was nonplussed, and Æsop gave his own explanation. "You will soon break your bow," he said. "If you always keep it taut. So you ought at times to allow your mind recreation, that it may return to you better fitted for thought."—*M.D.*

BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Darwin was not the first in the field of evolution; there were evolutionists before his time. Not only Browning's "Paracelsus" (1835), but Tennyson's "In Memoriam" (1850), abound in evolutionary terms. Darwin's first book, "The Origin of Species" (1859), gave to evolutionists a definite theory of evolution. See Clodd's "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley" for further information.—*T.H.A.*

"ROTHEN."—Further replies received from *Harmatopegos*; *C.R.W.* (Hornsey); *G.S.R.* (Burnley); *M.S.*; *S.B.* (Malvern); *H. D. Barclay*; *D. Davies* (Clapton); and *H.H.F.* (Eastbourne).

"AN ARMY OF BROWNBILL MEN."—The brownbill was a kind of halbert used in the days before foot soldiers carried muskets. The marks and stains of combat were highly valued in mediæval times, and no fighter cared to

keep his weapon bright, and thus remove the witness to his skill and prowess. Old ballads make mention of "brown brand," "brown blade," or, like Chaucer, "rusty blade." In Marlowe's "Edward II." (III. ii.) are the lines:

Lo with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

Brown bills and targetiers, four hundred strong. . .

—*S.C. (Hove).*

WRITER'S "ETYMOLOGICUM MAGNUM."—Only one part of this work appeared, printed at Cambridge, 1800. The author appears to have abandoned the work in favour of another, with the title "Etymologicum Universale, or universal etymological dictionary on a new plan . . . with illustrations drawn from various languages . . . the Celtic dialects, Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, Breton, etc." Vols. I-II. Cambridge University Press, 1811-1822. Quarto.—*John Ballinger.*

KALEWALA.—The story of Aino is only touched upon in this epic, but there is an excellent collection of Finnish legends, translated from the original "Kalewala" by John Martin Crawford, and compiled by J. C. Brown, LL.D., published in 1892 by Kegan Paul & Co.—*M.S. (Bookham).*

BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Darwin's originality does not consist in the theory of evolution, which, in its modern form, found its first exponent in Herbert Spencer, some years before the appearance of "The Origin of Species," but in the precise method by which, according to him, *biological evolution* was actually brought about. Hints and adumbrations of this method had been put forth from time to time, but A. Russell Wallace alone contests with Darwin priority in the epoch-making discovery, as based upon elaborate research.—*R. Bruce Boswell.*

BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Evolution was not discovered by Darwin; see "Pioneers of Evolution," from Thales to Huxley, by Edward Clodd; not only Browning's "Paracelsus," but Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which was published nine years before Darwin's "Origin of Species," abounds with evolution.—*T.H.A.*

THE RELAXED BOW.—It is improbable that the originator of the comparison of a relaxed bow with the beneficial effect of mental rest can be found. When bows and arrows were the familiar weapons, every one would know, not that a bow gains strength by being relaxed, but that if it is kept strung up for any length of time both the bow and the string lose some of their tendency to return to their original position and length. The cohesive power of their particles tends to become exhausted; hence the propulsive power, which depends upon this, is lessened. A violinist does not leave his bow "strung up" for a long interval. The obvious parallel that attention becomes weaker if the demand upon it is unduly prolonged must have occurred to thinkers at a very early period.—*S.C. (Hove).*

LIONS' SKINS.—"We sleep in lions' skins in our progress unto virtue" suggests an allusion to the legend that Hercules, having slain the Nemean lion, wore its hide. Taken with the context, the inspiring idea is that great difficulties overcome are an aid and an incentive to attempt further achievement. In Tennyson's

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things

is a variant of the same idea.—*S.C. (Hove).*

"LEARNED HEATHEN."—The passage referred to by John Wesley is from the so-called "Longinus" on the Sublime, ix. 9: "Similarly, the legislator of the Jews, no ordinary man, having formed and expressed a worthy conception of the might of the Godhead, writes at the very beginning of his Laws: 'God said—' What? 'Let there be light, and there was light; let there be land, and there was land.' The authenticity of the passage has often been doubted, but needlessly. (See pp. 231f. in Rhys Roberts's edition.)—*Methodist.*

"THE LEARNED HEATHEN" referred to by Wesley was Longinus, who, in his "Treatise on the Sublime," Chapter VII., after quoting some lines from the Iliad exhibiting the majesty of the gods, proceeds (I quote from Birlean's Translation): "Ainsi le législateur des Juifs, qui n'était pas un homme ordinaire, ayant fort bien conçu la grandeur et la puissance de Dieu, l'a exprimée dans tout sa dignité au commencement de ses lois, par ces paroles: Dieu dit: 'Que la lumière se fasse, et la lumière se fit; que la terre se fasse et la terre fut faite.'—*T.F.J. (Greenock).*

GENERAL.

***NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.**—This phrase undoubtedly had its origin in the "Conscience" Clause, first introduced into the Endowed Schools Act of 1860. In 1865 the Clause was extended for the benefit of Dissenters from the Church, that their children should be exempted from any religious teaching their parents objected to and from attendance at the Established Church. This was an essential provision of the great Education Act of 1870.—*K.S. (Bristol).*

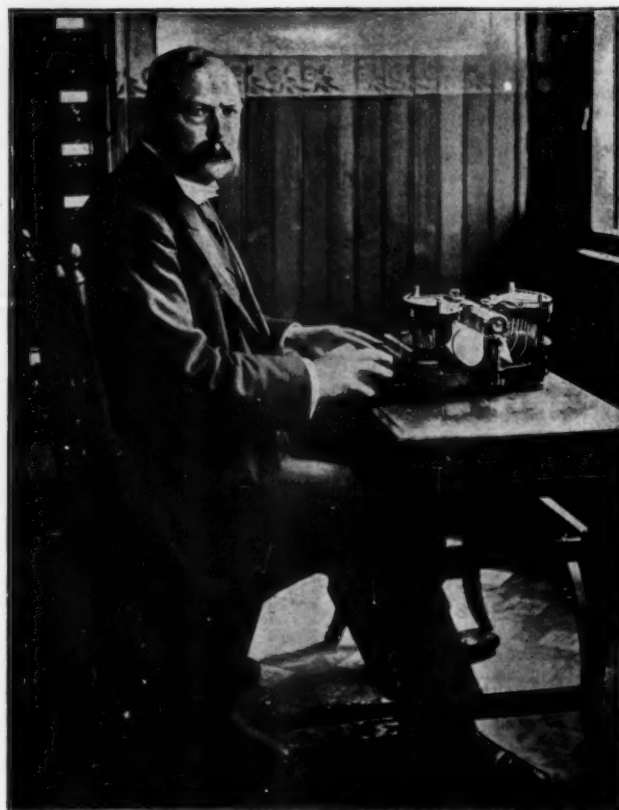
TIB'S EVE (ST.). NEVER.—St. Tibs is supposed to be a corruption of St. Ubes. There is no such saint in the Calendar; and therefore St. Tib's Eve fell neither before nor after New Year's Day. This phrase is similar to a "week of two Thursdays," "once in a blue moon," and its origin is doubtful.—*K.S. (Bristol).*

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—The legend runs that when Bishop Remigius built Lincoln Cathedral the devil tried to prevent him, and would have killed him had not the Blessed Virgin Mary sent a mighty rushing wind, which made the devil take refuge in the church, where he remains through fear of the wind. We are told that the devil naturally "looked upon the building of the Cathedral with a sour and malicious countenance. From whence they deduced a proverb to express the ill aspect of envious and malicious men at such rude things as they don't like." "He looks as the devil over Lincoln."—*Lincolnshire,* p. 1441, 1719.—*R. B. Appleton.*

ST. EULALIA.—The story of St. Eulalia, of Merida, is told by Prudentius. At the time of the publication of the Edict of Diocletian (303 A.D.) Eulalia, a child of twelve, went to the Prefect and reproached him for his persecutions of the Christians. She was immediately seized, and required to make offerings to the idol, with the alternative of being tortured to death. She trod upon the offerings, overthrew the idol, and spat upon the judge. As she was dying under torture a white dove issued from her mouth and flew to heaven. She is buried at Merida, in the province of Badajoz, Spain.—*E.C.E. (Irvington, New York).*

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